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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Union Forever.

BY MABEL LANSING.

Away, away, with contest and strife.
The clashing of arms and th' threat'ning of life;
Be fearless and valiant, be trusting and brave,
Ye men of our country ne noble to save.
Oh! rend not the flag of our Union in twain,
But raise it to flourish o'er valley and plain—
To be borne o'er the broad and unfathom'd seas,
And with glorious pride be unfurl'd to th' breeze,
To tell unknown nations that in ignorance sleeps,
Of a beautiful land far away o'er the deep.

Toil not for your party, but for your country 'nd God
For the fields that by your forefathers were trod,
For the altars and homes that have blest your whole life.
Yet which cannot be yours 'mid contest and strife.
Wake the spirits that have slumber'd full long in th' grave,
Be noble to toil and valiant to save;
And by thousands unborn your names shall be blest,
Long after the cold clod is heap'd on your breast.

For th' helpless look to you and ages to come,
Will tell in full accents of th' work you have done,
If wisdom and justice now meet side by side,
Our country shall be the world's wonder and pride—
But if hatred and malice have pow'r to prevail,
Bitter and dreadful will be the heart-wail
That shall spread o'er th' borders of Atlantic's wave,
To th' furthermost place in its loneliest cave.

But, *union forever!* must be our sole cry,
For our Union we'll live, for our Union we'll die,
That th' shades of our fathers may gladly approve
A work of wisdom, of justice and love;
That our children may know of the blessings of birth
In *this* the most glorious land on the earth.

Ho! *union forever*, is our watchword and cry,
For our Union we'll live, for our Union we'll die:
We will not see our flag severed in twain,
And would ne'er hear th' threat of disunion again—
What! we, whose freedom was purchased with blood!
Shall we forfeit our birthright, and th' pleasure of God?
No—no pow'r shall disband us, no one shall disturb,
The bands of our Union by action or word.
For "divided we fall, and united we stand."
The proudest, the noblest, and most glorious land.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Washington's tomb is a simple structure of stone, only the front of which is visible, the other parts being covered with the earth of a small sandhill which was excavated, and the surface of which was left covered with dwarf cedars and a few other trees with which it was naturally shaded. The whole is concealed from the view of the passer-by, by a neat and substantial stone wall of considerable height, with a gate, over which is a slab bearing this inscription:

"Washington Family."

The surrounding scene is left nearly in the state of nature. The irregular surface of the ground and the numerous trees exclude the sight of every distant object: and there is nothing in view to disturb the mind in the solemn and impressive reflections which naturally arise within it. Although the Potomac flows by at a short distance from the spot, and was in full view from near the door of the original tomb, every glimpse is shut out from this, and not a single sound intrudes to interrupt the solitude.

Few visiters to the spot obtain an entrance into the tomb, or even through the gate. The stone coffin, which contains the ashes of the venerable occupant, is engraved with the arms of the United States, and the simple name of "Washington."

The following description of General La Fayette's visit to the old tomb, was written by his companion and secretary, Levasseur:

"After a voyage of two hours, the guns of Fort Washington announced that we were approaching the last abode of the Father of his Country. At this solemn signal, to which the military band accompanying us responded by plaintive strains, we went on deck, and the venerable soil of Mount Vernon was before us. At this view, an involuntary and spontaneous movement made us kneel. We landed in boats, and trod upon the ground so often trod by the feet of Washington. A carriage received General La Fayettee, and the other visiters silently ascended the precipitious path which conducted to the solitary habitation of Mount Vernon. In re-entering beneath the hospitable roof, which had sheltered him when the reign of terror tore him violently from his country and family, George La Fayette felt his heart sink within him, at no more finding him whose paternal care had softened his misfortunes; while his father sought with emotion for everything which reminded him of the companion of his glorious toils.

"Three nephews of General Washington

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

took La Fayette, his son, and myself, to conduct us to the tomb of their uncle; our numerous companions remained in the house. In a few minutes the cannon, thundering anew announced that La Fayette rendered homage to the ashes of Washington. Simple and modest as he was during life, the tomb of the citizen-hero is scarcely perceived among the sombre cypresses by which it is surrounded. A vault, slightly elevated and scilded over—a wooden door without inscriptions — some withered and green garlands, indicate to the traveller who visits the spot, where rest in peace the paissant arms which broke the chains of his country. As we approached, the door was opened. La Fayette descended alone into the vault, and a few minutes after re-appeared with his eyes overflowing with tears. He took his son and me by the hand, and led us into the tomb, where, by a sign, he indicated the coffin. We knelt reverentially, and rising, threw ourselves into the arms of La Fayette, and mingled our tears with his."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lost Home.

BY L. L.

O my lost home!
And shall I never see thee more,
And never roam thy beauties o'er?
The garden flowers, the mem'ries sweet,
That clustered round that dear retreat,
From care and woe!

'Tis home no more!
For other forms the homestead fill,
And other voices echo still,
And other faces meet around
The fireside and the table now;
'Tis home no more!

O my fond home!
My heart is yearning for the sound
Of whisp'ring trees that stand around;
And dearer yet that one fond voice,
That made my very soul rejoice.
O my lost home!

That voice is mute!
Sudden and stern the summons came,
That called upon that loved one's name.
I heard! my heart stood still,
And fear and dread my soul did chill.
And must it be?

O mournful change!
A few short days of agony,
The loving heart was then set free;
It left me reft and sorrowing,
A wounded bird upon the wing,
Far from its home.

The cup is drained;
My weary heart does hope no more,
My lonely life seems almost o'er;
And like a mournful, harrowing dream,
When shall I wake?

FIRE IN CHARLOTTE.

The Bulletin of 14th says "a barrel of tar took fire at the Gas House last night about 12 o'clock, which ignited the building, so much damaging it that, it is said, a new structure will have to be erected."

CHINESE SKETCHES.

Woman is placed in a more degraded position in Asia than in any other quarter of the globe, and we believe that in China her humiliation is complete: being rendered more conspicuous, by the extent to which civilization and education has been carried in all connected, with the male population of this vast and mighty empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated, and looked upon solely, as the slave of his caprice and passion. In this we have the solution to the cause of the degradation of China among the nations of the earth, for no people or nation can prosper or be blessed by the Ruler of nations, who refuse to woman her legitimate rights.

The poorest and lowest male in China has an elementary education even forced upon him, and it is a matter of surprise when a lad has attained the age of ten years if he can not read, write eligibly, and understand arithmetic (or the use of the swampan, or calculating machine,) to a certain extent; while among the females, even of the highest ranks, few are found who can read or write. The woman's education is limited and restricted, and is comprised in being taught to sing, and accompany themselves on the three-stringed instrument or guitar, to be obedient to their parents in youth, and subservient to the will of man in womanhood; consequently, having no mental resources, the higher orders pass their lives in gossipping, smoking, visiting, and playing at cards. The women belonging to the lower orders have not the least education, and are treated, and considered by the males, as little better than beasts of burden; a man of this rank will walk coolly and deliberately by his wife's side, while she totters under a heavy load, and frequently a woman will be seen yoked to a plough, while the machine is guided by a man! Among the extraordinary anomalies of national character, the most conspicuous in China is the treatment of woman; in her youth treated as man's inferior, and the slave of his passions, but in old age she is honored and respected, more especially as a mother. No son, however high in rank, will presume to sit down in the presence of his mother until he has received her permission, and an old woman, with hair bleached by the snows of many years, will invariably meet with respect from the juniors of her own nation, be they the most depraved of the male sex.

The women, or rather girls, from the lower classes, who are good-looking (according to the Chinese ideas of beauty,) are purchased frequently by rich men for handmaids, or concubines, when about twelve or fourteen years of age; these girls are then educated and trained according to their purchaser's idea or fancy. The Chinese can not understand, or comprehend, the European and American mode adopted toward women, or why ladies are treated with deference and respect, and being extremely superstitious, attribute to demoniacal and devilish arts, practised or used by our fair compatriots over we bearded mortals, the consideration that is shown for, and the just appreciation entertained for, an amiable, highly-educated woman, by a well-disposed man; in fact, the Chinese believe that European and American ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to the *evil eye* of Italian superstition.

Among the traditions extant in China relative to women, the horrible practice of deforming the female foot is thus explained in an old legend: The empress of one of the early emperors was found by her liege lord near the apartment of one of the principal officers of the household, who had the reputation of being a lady-killer; receiving from the emperor a severe reprimand, and torrent of abuse for her misconduct, the frightened woman pleaded in her defence that it was not *her fault*, but that of *her feet*, which were so very large, they bore her to the forbidden precincts of a man's apartment, sorely against her will and consent! To obviate the recurrence of so unpleasant a circumstance, the offended emperor ordered the fore-part of her feet to be amputated; and the empress, to conceal the fact, informed her court that she intended to introduce the fashion of small feet, and all about her must follow her example; which they, like too many of our own day, most cheerfully did, rather than be out of fashion. This is the fabulous origin of the crippled foot, which henceforward became the rage.

The appearance of these distorted extremities, which are merely tapering stumps, is most disgusting to an American eye; at a very early age the foot, below the instep, is forced into a line with the leg, the toes are then doubled down under the sole of the foot, the big toe being made to overlap the others; bandages are then applied, with an incredible amount of pressure, which in the Chinese language is termed *killing* the foot, and for six weeks the child suffers intolerable agony. After that period the pain subsides, and she can totter about on these stumps. As she advances in years, the foot becomes a mass of filth and abhorrent humors, and we have been informed by a naval surgeon, who had unbound and examined the leg and foot of a Chinese lady, that the effluvia arising from it was more offensive, and the sight more disgusting, than anything he had ever witnessed in the dissecting room. By this practice, the muscles of the legs are injured and partially destroyed, as there is no development of calf, the leg gradually tapering from the knee downward, to the extremity of the foot; and this is regarded by the Chinese as the perfection of beauty. The length of the foot from heel to the toe, varies from three to four inches; we have heard of a foot that measured but two inches, but think a slight mistake must have been made in the measurement; the bandages which conceal this deformed mass of corruption from view are made of silk, which are rarely removed, as the inner ones, when soiled, are covered from time to time with fresh ones.

In the families of the wealthy all the daughters are thus crippled for life; but among the poorer classes, if there are two or more daughters, one is always deprived of pedestrian power; she is invariably considered superior to her sisters, and may become a wife; the others, whose feet are the natural size, can only become concubines and handmaids, unless they intermarry with the lowest of the poor. This horrid and barbarous taste for deformed feet, is unaccountable in a nation where the undistorted natural foot of a woman is the perfect model of beauty: the high instep is equal to the Andalusian, the arch of the sole rivals that of the Arab, and the heel and ankle are most symmetrically formed; but such a foot and ankle as we have just described, can only be seen among the working and poorer classes.

Owing to their maimed feet, the women can only walk a very short distance, even with the aid of their crutches, or long sticks, which they invariably use in the house; the hobbling, inelegant motion of one who attempts to use her feet, is considered most gracefully charming by the Chinese, and ladies who essay this exploit of danger, for they are very apt to measure their length on the ground, are poetically called "tottering willows of fascination."

Women of the higher orders, when they go abroad to visit their friends, are carried in sedan chairs, or boats, where water communication is available; but those whose means will not allow the command of these conveyances, are carried on the backs of men, or of women who are blessed with feet of the natural size. The whole female character of countenance, appears to be entirely changed, by the barbarous practice in question; for the expression of face appertaining to a Chinese beauty (mark ye, none are beauties that have not deformed feet,) is that of languor and pain completely devoid of animation, and indicative of the suffering which the ligatured feet may produce, while the faces of uncrippled females are full of life and vivacity. Chinese notions of a beautiful face and well-proportioned form, are as dissimilar to ours as their idea of a pretty foot: a Chinawoman, to be considered handsome, must have a long, thin, flat face, high cheek-bones, a circular mouth, thin lips, a very small eye, arched eyebrows, remarkably thin, low forehead, and a countenance void of expression; she must be rather tall, and her figure nearly fleshless; the complexion must be without a vestige of health's roseate hue, and the skin of a pale yellow tint. A Chinese belle bedaubs her face and hands with a white stone, ground to powder, used as a cosmetic, until her complexion is an agreeable mixture of dirty-white and saffron. No nation in the world rely so much on foreign aid as the Chinese women do, for they are literally one mass of paints, false hair, oils, and pork-fat. Notwithstanding all those adventitious aids, there are occasionally seen in China some very good-looking well-grown women, although their complexions are rather yellow, still their features are pleasing, and their countenances animated, but they belong to the lower classes, so, possibly, *are not made up*; for assuredly, according to Chinese ideas, they are not beauties, as their forms are those of nature's most beautiful handiwork, woman, and not of two laths placed together.

Although the women all smoke and chew betel, their teeth are usually very white and beautiful, and the hands and arms of the lower orders, including the tanks, or boatwomen, are finely shaped and proportioned; taking the women collectively, as a nation, their hands, arms, and feet, are the most beautiful we have ever seen; always premising when the foot is in its natural, undistorted state. The Chinese have as strange ideas about nails as they have about beautiful faces, forms, and feet; a Chinese lady allows the nails of her third and fourth fingers to grow to an incredible length, and such is their length, that at night they twist them round their wrists, to prevent the nail being broken: first softening them, by saturating the finger in oil.

This penchant for long nails, is indulged in by the male community also, and frequently men have the nails of the middle and small fingers as long as the fingers themselves; wearing at night a silver case, or shield, to preserve

them: to such an extent is this practice carried, that shopkeepers and upper servants invariably endeavor to let one or more nails grow to a considerable length, as a proof they are not engaged in any manual occupation.

The apartments devoted to the women are set apart exclusively for their use, as they do not eat or sit with their husband, or more correctly speaking, with the master of the house; none but female attendants or lads are permitted to enter their rooms; except when the head of the household is present, and then only the nearest male relatives, such as a father, brother, or son, are suffered to remain with the women.

Male children are allowed to remain in the women's apartments until they are ten years of age, after that period they are taken from their mothers and placed under the tutelage of men.

Their toilet-table is furnished with more cosmetics and paints than a Parisian belle would use or require in a life-time, as a Chinawoman relies much on the "foreign aid of ornament," and does not appear to hesitate, in showing, or admitting, that she has recourse to them.

There are no Chinese customs so little understood as their marriages: thus we often hear of the number of a Chinaman's wives, while, in reality, he has but one *wife*, the remainder being handmaids or concubines; among the mandarins and wealthy classes, a wife is always chosen from their own sphere of life, the marriage ceremony is celebrated with solemn rites, and she takes her husband's name. The marriage tie can only be dissolved by the husband, for one of seven causes,—barrenness, adultery, disobedience to himself or parents, talkativeness, thieving, ill temper, and inveterate infirmities: although the wife should be found guilty of any or all of these offences, yet she can not be divorced if she has mourned for her husband's parents, if property has been acquired since their marriage, or if her parents are dead. Thus the wife is in possession of established legalized rights; but it is otherwise with the handmaid or concubine, who never receives the name of wife and is invariably bought from a family inferior in social position to that of the purchaser; she is brought home without ceremony, has no legal rights, and can be sold or given away when her master is tired of her. The offspring of these handmaids inherit property, but the children of the wife take precedence: if there is no male issue by the wife, then the son of the handmaid will succeed to the estate, if such be the father's pleasure.

A man may have as many handmaids as he can afford to support or purchase. Although handmaids are allowed, occasionally the emperor will express or signify his displeasure when an official personage has too many. A Tartar general had twelve of these encumbrances, besides his lawful wife; the emperor desired him to resign his post, as he was "too much occupied with domestic affairs" to attend to the duties of his appointment. No obloquy attends the position of a concubine or handmaid, as they are looked upon in the light of the handmaids as we read of in Abraham's days. When a new emperor ascends the throne, it is reported and believed that many families, occupying a good position, send their daughters to his palace for approbation, and those who are accepted as concubines or handmaids deem themselves and families highly honored; those who are rejected by the emperor are frequently presented to the princes of the blood-royal.

The anxiety of the Chinese for a numerous family of male offspring is very great; but daughters are not cared for; if a man has not a son by either wife or handmaid, he adopts one—if possible, the son of a younger brother, such adoption being sanctioned by the laws of the Celestial empire. The leading and principal aim of a Chinaman's existence appears to be the perpetuation of his name after his decease: without a son, he lives without estimation and dies without hope, sorrowing that he has none of his name or race to sacrifice to his manes, and pay the usual tribute of respect to his memory; while the father of numerous sons is honored by all his neighbors, and has the gratifying knowledge that sacrifices will be constantly offered to his manes, and his name endure in the land of his birth.

So much value do the Chinese place upon male offspring, that frequently a wealthy man, who is desirous of having an heir, will bribe the midwife to purchase a son of a poor person, to substitute for his own daughter. It is also asserted that when a rich man has no family, by either wife or concubine, he will go to the foundling hospital (which may be most conveniently situated, or the easiest of access) during the night, and bring away a male child: the motive for this is that the child may be deemed legitimate, and be at full liberty in after-life to pursue studies which may eventually lead to obtaining degrees and holding official posts, which privilege is not granted to those children which are taken, or known to be adopted, from a foundling hospital

Early marriages are encouraged in China; among the mandarins and wealthy classes, the matrimonial age varies from sixteen to twenty years in males, and from twelve to fourteen in females; the poorer classes marry as soon as they acquire sufficient money to purchase a wife and defray the attendant expenses. Occasionally a poor man goes to the foundling hospital in the neighborhood, and obtains a girl, that he may take her home and educate her, giving her in marriage to his son when the young folks have arrived at a proper age. The thrift and caution of the national character are fully developed in this arrangement: in the first place, the money is saved which must have been expended in the purchase of a wife; in the second, the girl is educated by her (future) mother-in-law, thereby falling into all the old lady's economical habits; thirdly and lastly, if the girl is not good-tempered, industrious, and respectful in her demeanor to her intended husband and his parents, she is very quickly sent about her business, without the attendant fuss which ensues when a wife is sent back to her family for misconduct after her marriage.

The parties about to contract a marriage never see each other, the whole affair being arranged by their relations, or go-betweens, who are old women, and who describe the lady in the most glowing terms, or the reverse, according to the presents which are made to them. One of their customs before marriage, although synonymous with our fashion of sending a lady's portrait, is most extraordinary: as the damsel can not be seen, her *shoe* is sent to the gentleman, that he may be enabled to judge of the dimensions of her crippled feet—the smallness of the foot being a Chinaman's *beau ideal* of perfection.

The ceremony of the marriage is gone through at the bridegroom's house. Upon the nuptial day, the bride leaves her father's home, accompanied by a numerous train of attendants; she is placed in a sedan-chair, most profusely gilded, and decorated most gayly with artificial flowers of brilliant hues; attendants, bearing torches and flambeaux, surround the chair, the servant who bears the key of the precious casket walking nearest the sedan—for no sooner is the lady seated in the chair, than the door is locked by her father or nearest male relative, and the key given to the confidential servant, who has orders to deliver it only to the bridegroom. Numerous attendants precede and follow the bride's chair, carrying flags, magnificent lanterns, beating gongs, and sounding wind instruments. The ladies of the two families are in sedan chairs, which follow the bride's; the male relatives and friends walking in the procession. There is a great display of presents of all kinds, which are to accompany the bride to her new home; these consist of ladies' dresses, borne on stands; carved chests, which are to be supposed to contain all sorts of treasures; stands, in which are placed jars containing samshoo, wine, and preserved fruits. Cages containing the mandarin ducks (emblems of conjugal fidelity,) fowls, and, frequently, a fine fat pig in a gayly decorated bamboo cage, bring up the rear of the presents. The grandeur of a marriage procession is measured by the number of attendants.

At the door of his house stands the bridegroom, magnificently attired, to receive the bride. The ladies of the family first alight from their sedans, and cluster about the bride's chair; the bridegroom receives the key from the servant, opens the door, and raises the bride's veil to view her face (for, as before remarked, no interview takes place previous to the bride leaving her father's house:) if her looks do not please the gentleman, he is at full liberty to shut the door in the lady's face, lock her up, and send her back to her father; and this frequently happens: but all proceeding smoothly, the bride is assisted to leave the sedan, by the bridegroom, and is carried over the sill of the doorway in the arms of matrons (who are part of her own family, and the mothers of sons;) the bride is thus conveyed over the threshold, as it would be considered unlucky were her foot to touch the ground (that being an omen of domestic misery,) before she is close to the domestic shrine.

As soon as the matrons have borne the bride into the hall of ancestors, they place her on the ground before the altar; the bridegroom and bride then prostrate themselves before joss, and go through some religious forms; drinking out of the same cup, and sitting down to a feast—the husband and wife eating at the same table for the first and last time in their lives. At the conclusion of the feast, the bride salutes the ladies of her husband's family; the party then separates, the bridegroom retiring into another apartment to feast with his friends, while the bride and ladies are conducted to the women's apartments, to amuse and divert themselves as best they may.

FROM THE N. C. STANDARD.

Will Their Acts Prove Their Words.

MR. EDITOR: Reading in your paper a few days since a notice about the abolition sentiment prevailing in the Northern magazines and literary papers, I fell into conversation with a very intelligent gentleman, whom I found thoroughly read upon all the absorbing topics of the day. He expressed himself as a strong Union man, so long as the Union was one of equality; but the South not receiving her rights, he was for the South. And as one of the rights due to the South, he argued that we should banish from our firesides those Northern anti-slavery publications, magazines and newspapers, and build up publications at the South. This sentiment was expressed with much animation and earnestness.

I have been for some time past an observer of the movements of the Southern people upon this subject, and while it is almost a universal practice to denounce these anti-slavery publications, and to cry loudly for encouragement to Southern enterprise, yet I find but few, very few, who execute the decisions of their own judgment.

So in conversation with this gentleman, after he had expressed such a strong desire that the South should build up publications at home instead of patronizing the Harpers and such publishers at the North, I thought I would test the matter, and I remarked to him that we had publications in the South equal to those published in the North. He asked, with some little surprise, what were they and where published? I referred him to *Russell's Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger* among the monthlies, and to the *Greensboro Times* among the weeklies. His reply suggested the heading of this article—"Will their acts prove their words?"

Alas! a gentleman well read upon all the exciting interests of the country, a gentleman of position, a gentleman thoroughly Southern in his every feeling, and yet, instead of proving his words by his acts, instead of aiding to accomplish what he so much desired accomplished, he did not even know we had in our midst Southern publications deserving of Southern patronage. And, Mr. Editor, this gentleman is a representative man. There are thousands of such to be found, and I dare not deny their sincerity when they cry out against Northern monthlies and weeklies, and wish that the South *could* establish worthy organs at home. The sentiment prevails in the public mind South, that it is impossible to compete with the North in such publications, and hence our people never enquire for them; and it is almost a riddle to me, how, under these circumstances, our publications at the South do exist and show such decided excellence. In my judgment, *Russell's Magazine*, among the monthlies, is much more ably edited than *Harper's;* and among the weeklies, I look upon the Greensboro *Times* as equal to any of the literary and family papers in any of the Northern cities. I have been especially pleased with the recent new dress and other signs of great improvement in the *Times;* and as it is a Southern paper, having its *locale* in North Carolina, I hope you will excuse me, a North Carolinian, for making special reference to it. I was glad, when I read in your paper, a few days since, such a flattering notice of the *Times*, with an appeal to North Carolina to sustain it. I have been a regular reader of the *Times*, and I heartily endorse your notice; the *Times* is an honor to the South, and especially to North Carolina; and I feel assured the citizens of the good Old North State have too much pride about them not to patronize and sustain such a paper. It should be read in every family circle and encouraged as a worthy State enterprise. Here your readers, Mr. Editor, have an opportunity to prove the sincerity of their words by their acts. Let them do it by forwarding $2 to Messrs. COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, for the *Times* for 1860.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The First Sabbath in Heaven.

BY INA CLAYTON.

To-day she walks the golden streets
Beside the streams of morn in Heaven.
To-day she tunes the golden harp
By God's own angel given.
It is a glorious Sabbath morn
The first that she in Heaven has known.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Robertson's Sermons, a new volume—The McClintock Narrative—Poems by a new author—Russell's Magazine—Blackwood and the Westminster—Annual of Scientific Discovery—The Still Hour—American Christian Record—Life of Kit Carson.

The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson was pastor of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, England. He was elegant, philosophical and talented. His discourses display fine thought; an intimate acquaintance with human nature; earnest, fervent piety; and enlarged common sense views of moral obligation and religion. They are of the very highest order of pulpit eloquence, and have exercised a powerful influence on the minds not merely of the members who sat under his ministrations, but the thousands both in England and this country who within the past three years have hailed his successive volumes with real pleasure. The present is the fourth in the series, as republished in this country by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and is complete in itself. It contains an *Exposition of various passages in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians*, and is well calculated to throw light on many difficulties in this portion of Holy Scripture. Mr. Robertson's theology was of the school of which we have such notable examples in Kingsley and Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, and of which the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby was the chief.

No literary announcement that we have seen of late has given us more pleasure than that just made by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, to the effect that they will issue immediately a popular edition of *Capt. McClintock's Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin*, with all the maps and illustrations, at the ridiculously small price of seventy-five cents, and sent free by mail to any address. This unlooked for step will popularize one of the most valuable and delightful books ever written, and will moreover exert a wholesome influence on rival publishers who pay nothing for the wares they appropriate. Three different houses in New York and Philadelphia have recently been guilty of this dishonorable breach of trade, and every lover of right will uphold Messrs. T. & F. in the prompt and decisive action they have taken in the present instance, by extending patronage to one or the other of the two editions which they publish.

A more beautiful little volume, externally and internally, has not left the press this season than *Poems, by L. J. Donaldson, Jr.* just published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. It is a 12 mo. of 208 pages, most exquisitely printed on soft rich tinted paper, the most beautiful in color and dainty in appearance of any we have seen used on *any* volume within a twelvemonth. The poems of which the volume is composed, considered as the first work of a new artist, are full of glorious promise. The majority of them are rythmical, flowing, musical and sweet, containing many fine thoughts happily conceived and trippingly expressed. The author is most successful in his lyrical pieces, and we instance the fine verses on The Eternity of Poesy, Nature's Voice, and Ambition, as worthy any poet in the country. The lengthy fragment Amelia, in hexameters, also proves Mr. Donaldson a successful scholar in that difficult verse which tried Sir Philip Sidney and Southey and others more famous than our adventurous American. We urge upon Mr. Donaldson to avoid such themes as a Young Lady Looking out of the Window, and To Susan on presenting her with a Ring. Since Coleridge's time the muse has abandoned these subjects to the poets of the New York weeklies and to "hwomeby" rhymers like Mr. Bennett.

Our fine Charleston favorite, *Russell's Magazine*, presents a most agreeable number for February. The articles are of greater length than usual, and of the established order of excellence. Charity, with which the number opens, is a well written sketch of this sublime virtue, comparing the charity of the primitive churches with the charity of to-day. Epistolary Gossipings of Travel, and The Twins of the Hotel Corneille are continued, as is also the fine story The Actress in High Life, An Episode in Winter Quarters. This story now approaches completion. Part Second—not number two, as Russell prints it—of Rolla, or the Siege of Malta, is given, and this is followed by a very pleasant paper of pleasant nothings, called Matters and Things in General. Neither the Editor's Table nor the Book Department is as abundant this month as we should like to see it, but the former contains a reply to Kingsley on Shelly which fairly discusses the very vexed question of Shelly's religious opinions, though somewhat too warm in its excuse of certain blemishes in the poet's character. Shelly was neither a God nor a devil. Readers will please take notice that in another month Russell will enter upon a new volume.

With the present numbers new volumes of Blackwood and the four great British Quarterly Reviews, as re-published here by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, are begun. Two of these are now issued, *Blackwood*, monthly, for January, and the *Westminster*, quarterly, for the same month. They will be followed in due season by the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, etc. *Blackwood* opens with a stirring poem, by no less an author than Bulwer, in which the author gives succinct sketches of the great Parliamentary Orators of England, commencing with the origin of parliamentary oratory (in the Civil Wars) and closing with the late Sir Robert Peel. Hampden he calls

"True star to steer by, wheresoe'er the sea;"

and Chatham

"—— the Aschylus of speech;"

Stafford is pictured—

"Still as a glacier over storms below;"

Steele—

"Inventing Tattlers, scribbling a Gazette,
Ever at work and never out of debt;"

and Addison—

"—— the supreme Spectator of the show.
* * * *
With strength so sweet in its subdued repose,
Virgil of humorists, and Pope of prose."

This number of Blackwood also begins a charming Scottish story, Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography, which we take to be from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant, whose choice novels, Zaidee, Adam Graeme of Mossgray, etc., first appeared in the pages of Blackwood. That best of all stories of the Crusades, The Luck of Ladysmede, is continued. There are several other articles, sketches, etc., among them a most sharp and saucy satire on Dumas, the Younger, which will set that most inconsistent writer to smarting when it comes to his ears, for Blackwood is an authority even in France. We have said so much about old Maga that we have no room to say more of *The Westminster* than that it has been issued, and is a most excellent number. The present is the best time in the year to subscribe to these famous reprints of Scott & Co., as a new volume of each is begun with the number under notice. They are three dollars singly per annum, two for five dollars, or the whole five for ten dollars.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have just published their usual yearly compendium of scientific investigation and discovery, being a "Year Book of Facts in Science and Art." It is known by the title *The Annual of Scientific Discovery*. It is a closely printed duodecimo of 430 pages, and it exhibits the principal discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, etc., together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the year 1859, a list of scientific publications, obituaries of eminent scientific men, as Robert Stephenson, Isambard Brunel, the inventor of the Great Eastern, Dr. Lardner, John Gringle Nichol, Humboldt, and many others of the great list of worthies who passed away during the year—in fact everything which could interest the man of science or the general reader, at all pertinent to the subject, may be found here recorded. The record fills one with wonder at the rapid progress of science and art in a single year. A hundred years ago the discoveries of a quarter of a century might have been included in the same space, and three hundred years ago an entire century could not have furnished more. At this rate the largest comprehension will soon be compelled to ignore all the past, or confess ignorance of half the present.

From the same press is just issued a delightful little volume which will be hailed as a treasure by all religious people, *The Still Hour*, by Professor Phelps, of Andover Theological Seminary, is devoted to the subject of Prayer in all its forms, defining the motives and feelings which should govern Christ's people in approaching the throne of Grace, exposing also the mistaken and dangerous opinions current among false worshippers. The little volume is earnest and forcible, and cannot fail to do good.

An invaluable compendium of religious information, adapted to the wants of every denomination, is this week published by Messrs. W. R. C. Clark & Meeker, New York, and Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It is called *The Christian Record*, and is to the religious world what Mr. Wells' Annual of Scientific Discovery is to the scientific. It is an authentic and complete book of reference on all current religious topics, and all religious events of the year, containing a classified and statistical record of Religious and Moral Associations in the United States and Europe, the history and present state of each of the religious denominations in the country, history of Christian enterprises and undertakings during the year, forms of worship, different creeds and beliefs, classified lists of clergymen, with their post-office address, list of religious periodicals, etc., and sketches of the sacred books of all nations, obituaries of eminent Christian men who have died during the year, in short everything which can be required in a work of the kind, accumulated and arranged only by the most painstaking industry and an unlimited command of material. Neither is it a work of mere dry statistics. It is written in popular style, and will interest every one with its vast army of facts, giving a clearer and more enlarged idea of the field than can be possibly gleaned from any other single book. We venture the assertion that never before has so extensive and varied an amount of religious information been brought within the compass of a single volume. It is a large 12 mo. of 700 pages, in clear Brevier type, and neatly bound, and will be sent by the publishers free of postage for $1 25.

The same publishers, New York and Philadelphia, issue a volume which will be read with interest by all who delight in tales of enterprise and stirring adventure. It comprises *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson*, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains, by Dewitt C. Peters, M.D., late Assistant Surgeon U. S. N. The story of Kit is here for the first time told. His name is familiar to every American reader, as a man whose life has been almost wholly spent in the wilds of the West amid the wild animals and more savage tribes that roam over it, and whose very fate is now held in suspense. Further, as foremost man among a class of men that are already beginning to disappear, the adventurous trapper, his story will be read with unflagging interest. The volume is a finely got up octavo of near 600 pages, and is handsomely adorned with full page illustrations.

HON. J. C. DOBBIN.

The North Carolina University Magazine for February has just come to hand. It contains a biographical sketch and a portait of the late Jas. C. Dobbin. The sketch is written by Jas Banks, Esq., late of Fayetteville. We make the following extract, which will, we hope, be of value to many of our young men. To take pattern after Mr. Dobbin will be no disgrace. He had no enemies.

"Mr. Dobbin was called to the bar in 1835, and having taken an office in Fayetteville he devoted himself assiduously to the strict and energetic pursuit of his profession. Whether clients called or not he was, during business hours, always in his office, and this remarkable regularity was in some measure the foundation of his professional success.

"He did not, as too many young lawyers do select a large circuit in the outset, but wisely husbanded his time and energies for a faithful discharge of chamber practice, and in attendance upon the County and Superior Courts of Cumberland Sampson and Robeson. His theory was, "let a man build up a reputation at home let it radiate and precede him, rather than he should precede it. By acting upon this theory every extension on his circuit more resembled a triumph than an effort to success.

"The first capital case in which he appeared was where a negro was indicted in the Superior Court of Cumberland, in 1837, for the killing of another negro. He had the honor to be associated in the defence with the Hon. Robert Strange, who had just been elected to the Senate of the United States, and had resigned his seat upon the Bench. In the management of the case Mr. Dobbin displayed great ingenuity, and in his arguments to the jury gave evidence of those peculiar talents that afterwards ranked him among the most successful criminal advocates in North Carolina.

We know of no lawyer's history more encouraging and instructive to the young members of the profession than that of Mr. Dobbin. No accidental circumstance occurred by which he seized on fame by a single effort. No one case can be cited as that which made the man. His practice and reputation daily increased by his faithful discharge of duty. He was content to labor and to wait."

A GOOD THING.

Congress will probably pass a law for uniformity of weights and measures, making them *decimal*. Thus only the pound avoirdupois will be retained, and that will contain 10 oz. instead of 16. How easy to reckon! Tea at 63 cents a pound will be 6¼ cents an ounce, &c. The foot will contain 10 instead of 12 inches, and the general labor of computation will be greatly simplified.

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 17, 1860.

Post Office Bill &c.—Sudden Death—Approaching 22nd—Convention of the Sons of Malta—Death of a U. S. Navy Officer—Executive Pardons—Washington Art Association—Another Snow Storm.

The Post Office deficiency bill is at last a law, much to the satisfaction of many; the department in its arrangements for the payment of the creditors under the appropriation just passed, finds a few day's time indispensible for compliance with certain forms of law: so the contractors will have to exercise their patience a few days longer: this bill legalizes the payments of $1,751,000 for the compensation of post masters, clerks and incidental expenses for the year ending with December, leaving the remainder of the four millions appropriated, subject to the immediate order of the Post-Master-General. The amount of interest to be paid on the deferred payment to the contractors will be about $160,000. Two hundred and fifty-six bills and resolutions, merely for the purpose of reference, were introduced in the House yesterday, a larger number than were ever before introduced in a single day; the members have failed as yet to elect a Public printer.

Hon. B. R. Floyd, brother of the Secretary of War, died at his brother's residence last Tuesday. He was preparing to start to Richmond, to attend the Democratic Convention at that place, when he was suddenly attacked with paralysis. Placing his hand on his side, he remarked to his sister that he had a severe pain there, and unless immediately relieved he must surely die. This was at six o'clock, in fifteen minutes after that time he was a corpse. In consequence of this death in Gov. Floyd's family the War Department was closed yesterday.

Judge Roules, of Tenn., has been appointed Treasurer of the United States in place of Mr. Casey, deceased.

A Committee consisting of several members from the Senate and House has been appointed by the respective branches of Congress to make arrangements for the inauguration of the equestrian statue of Washington, executed by C. Mills, on next Wednesday, the 22nd inst. That day will also be Ash Wednesday the first day of Lent.

Commencing with next week, there is to be a double train by the South-western route from this City to New Orleans, instead of one, as heretofore.

The "Sons of Malta" are now holding a convention in this City. Delegates are present from nearly every State and Territory in the Union. The sessions will occupy about a week, it is supposed, before the business to be transacted can be completed. The proceedings are strictly private.

On the 14th inst, Capt. Horace B. Sawyer, U. S. N., died at his room at the Lafayette House in this city, aged about sixty-five years. Capt. Sawyer entered the navy in the year 1812, and at the time of the celebrated action between the Cyane and Levant, which occurred Feb., 20, 1815, was a midshipman on the Constitution. Commodore Stewart commanded the Constitution at that time; and himself, and the present Commodore Shubrick, are now the only surviving officers.

On the 9th inst., Wm. Garner, convicted of assault and battery with intent to kill and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary of which about one-half the time has been served, and James P. Devilin, convicted of manslaughter, who received the same sentence, of which twenty months have been served, were pardoned by the President of the United States.

The Exhibition of the Washington Art Association is now a source of attraction in this City; and our numerous lovers of Art know how to appreciate this treat.

Gen. Snow was busy last Tuesday and Wednesday in spreading his white carpet, to the discomfiture of Gen. Green, and to the utter dismay of the fair weather mongers, who predicted a mild Winter and "no more snow" in the early part of last month. Gen. S., received a cold welcome from Q.

NEW ORLEANS, February 8th, 1860.

The Gap in the Mississippi Central filled—How this will benefit New Orleans—Steam communication with Liverpool—Fire alarm telegraph—The first cotton mill, etc.

The gap in the Mississippi Central railroad is at length closed. The last rail was laid on January 31st, and our city is now in direct railroad communication with Memphis and the North. The advantages resulting to New Orleans from this event are very obvious. The products of the great Tennessee Cotton-growing region, which have hitherto been sent to Memphis, will now come direct to this market by rail. This mode of conveyance will be quicker and cheaper than sending cotton down the Mississippi in steamboats. We are now within four days' journey of New York, and the fare has been reduced to forty-eight dollars. The trains will not run through in their quickest time, however, until the middle of April, when it is intended to have a grand celebration of the completion of the road, in the shape of an excursion.

Almost [illegible]taneous with this, another great [illegible] to be undertaken, which promises [illegible]nefits to the commerce of New Or[illegible]eak of steam communication be[illegible]ort and Liverpool. A company has [illegible]ed, composed of merchants of both [illegible] capital of one million of dollars [illegible]scribed. One of the steamers for the [illegible] already been built. They are to be of iron, and with a capacity of about 5000 bales of cotton. It is expected that the line will be in active operation before the close of the coming summer.

A fire alarm telegraph has just been completed here. It will go into operation on the 4th of March, the anniversary of our city firemen.

The first cotton mill in this vicinity has just been finished. It contains 5000 spindles. People seem now about to build up home manufactures throughout the South in good earnest.

STYX.

NEW YORK, February 15th

Calamities—The "Black and White List" Swindle—The North and South—Macaulay's Estate—The Harpers—Great Eastern—Storm—Trade.

January was full of calamities. There were more fires, more lives lost and more deaths than for many years past during the same month. The Elm street fire was appalling; a six story building full of human beings, fired below, leaving no means of escape but flying to the roof, or jumping out of the windows. Those who went on the roof could not get off, there not being a ladder in the city high enough to reach them. Those who jumped out were either killed or terribly mangled and bruised. Several went down in the burning flames, falling timbers and walls, and were burned to ashes! Yet, several houses of this class are full of tenants and ready for a similar fate. The explosion of a boiler in Brooklyn, hurried instantly seven more into eternity. The engineer I knew, and but two days before he was boasting what a good place and fine engine he had! The exceedingly rapid changes of weather carried off several hundreds more.

There has been nothing more false and villainous than the pretended list of houses in this city trading South, while it was partly true, it was notoriously deficient and false in detail, mi-representing both sides, and placing both on the wrong side, making it wilfully mean or woefully stupid. All southern men can very easily and correctly ascertain the character of the houses or firms here, by letters to their friends, or inquiries when here if they wish, and govern their purchases according to their tastes—in politics as well as calicos.

I have observed carefully in times for twenty-four years past, and give it as my opinion, that if there had been no "office seekers" and no "spoils," the country would not have been troubled about "white" or "black men."—We are a great and happy people, so much so that we don't know it. The North is mad with the South because the North is not hot enough for "niggers," *i. e.* to make their labor pay: the South with the North because a white man with his nose ten hours on the grindstone makes more chips than a negro loitering his twelve hours away. The way to get over this is to "mind your own business," North and South; make everything you can at home, and buy what you must have and cannot make from your neighbors. If nothing from the North will do the South, why not stop the "north wind;" wall it up, turn it back, it is too cold for the South any way. This would be as reasonable as not to wear cotton shirts or eat slave sugar. What would the South gain in the abolition sense by going to England? Let her firmly and gradually build manufactories, patronise her own institutions and literature, let politics alone comparatively, be liberal and she will soon stop agitation, invite co-operation and be at peace.

Macaulay the great historian, is an exception to the general rule among literary men. He died rich, leaving eighty thousand pounds to his friends.

The Harper's I see, are assailed South.—Whatever is found in their paper or magazine to justify it, there may be reason in, but in nothing else They are all as far from "republicanism" or "Helperism" as any sensible national men can possibly be and always have been. I know them, and say this without their knowledge.

The Great Eastern—yes, where is she? Her captain is now dead, and she seems to be unlucky in all points.

The late wind storm was one of the most unexpected, violent, and destructive known here for years. Although no lives were lost, an immense amount of damage has been done to buildings and commerce.

Trade is backward and not brisk.

Yours, respectfully. E

OXFORD, N. C., February 15, 1860.

We have been favored with a visit from Mr. William R. Hunter, of South-Carolina, the Children's Friend, who delivered a number of Lectures on Sunday Schools and Temperance to large audiences in the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. He also visited our large and flourishing schools. Mr. Hunter is an able and pleasant speaker, and is laboring in a good cause. He takes possession of the hearts of the children at the outset and causes them to glow with continually increasing intensity of affection as they see more and more of him.—Mr. Hunter leaves here this morning, with the promise to return again in a few weeks, when we shall expect something good from him again. He is now sowing the seed, which will in due time produce an abundant harvest, which is the sincere wish of H.

FIRE IN ELIZABETH CITY.

Elizabeth City is indeed an unfortunate town. Another destructive fire, the third recently, has swept the place. On the night of the 13th inst., forty houses were burnt. Loss very heavy. The Norfolk papers say,

"Messrs. Gwatkins, Cobb, Poole, Wheeler, and other wealthy citizens, were burnt out.—Many families are without shelter, or means of support. Insurance partial. Fire caused no doubt by an incendiary. Excitement very great."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AN APPEAL

Of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association to the People of North Carolina.

GREENSBORO, FEB., 1860.

The Vice Regent appointed for the State of North Carolina sends this appeal greeting to the patriotic citizens of the State.

North Carolina was the birth place of American Independence. Here the voice of liberty, trumpet-tongued, was first heard upon this continent. That voice met a responsive echo, in the bosom of our sister State of Virginia, and with thrilling effect did the gladsome sound re-echo in the noble heart of the immortal WASHINGTON. His home, his life, his honor,—all that men cherish and esteem sacred,—he pledged, unreservedly, upon the altar of that goddess of liberty whom your voice had invoked. All nations testify how nobly these pledges were redeemed; but his grateful countrymen, of every age, sex, and condition, whilst stimulating all mankind to glory in his fame, and emulate his example, claim that home, which he imperiled, and where he lived and died, and the grave where his ashes repose, as their own peculiar heritage. It is the object of this Association to secure the home so sacred, and the grave so revered, comprising two hundred acres of land including the garden and grounds around the mansion and tomb, together with the adjacent shore of the Potomac, to be held by its members, in perpetuity, as consecrated ground. This noble purpose is to be attained by voluntary contributions from every State in the Union, and the friends of this glorious enterprise would fain indulge the hope, that every person who claims protection beneath the Star-spangled Bannar may, eventually, by direct aid contribute to its consummation, thus assuring to each man, woman, and child in the Republic, a personal interest as proprietors in this "Mecca" of the nation's affections.

Every city, town or hamlet, where the chord of patriotic feeling in the national heart has been touched by the eloquence of man, or its generous impulses awakened by woman's all persuasive power, has responded with liberal munificence.

Much has been thus accomplished in securing material aid, but much more remains to be done. The capital stock of the Association is limited to five hundred thousand dollars. A contract of purchase has been made with the owner of the property at the price of two hundred thousand dollars, payable by instalments.

The entire purchase money has been paid excepting the sum of $5,000—due on the last instalment.

Not only this sum due as part of the original purchase money, but the entire capital stock should—must be realized at an early day.—The bare purchase of the house and tomb of the Father of his country, would add little honor to the contributors, and less glory to that country, if the present ruin, decay, and desolation should continue to greet the eyes of the future pilgrims to this great national shrine. Nature has done much to embellish the scene which surrounds these sacred grounds, but architectural taste must be employed to restore and beautify them, and the graces of art be united with the beauties of nature, to make them fitting testimonials of a nation's gratitude, and an ever living tribute to the world's most illustrious hero. This monument, when once finished in a manner, and with an artistic skill, equal to the great subject, should be preserved, ornate and perfect to all future ages. A permanent fund must be invested for its repair and preservation, and a portion of the capital stock is estimated for that purpose.

The women of North Carolina have in many instances entered with spirit upon the glorious work. Among her sons, the gifted Miller stands pre-eminent and in the future history of Mt. Vernon will be ranked with the noble galaxy of intellects, who, by their masterly efforts in behalf of the Association, have entitled themselves to a nation's gratitude. With these aids her contributions have been meagre, as compared with the means which her children can command, and still less commensurate with the patriotism of her people, and their deep and holy veneration for the name and fame of WASHINGTON. So all pervading, indeed, is this sentiment, that it is believed a simple reference to it, without rhetoric or figures of speech, would alone awaken a just conception of the sacred duty which Patriotism invokes you to perform. The crisis and the hour in the history of the Republic would seem, however, to demand some little exhortation by way of hastening the performance of this duty.—WASHINGTON belongs to the States United, and if you would stay the fanatical hands of those who dare force a separation of his home and his grave from the great whole which he bequeathed to us as a land of common inheritance, then unite with us in consecrating one spot within the nation's pale as neutral ground, where all sections may meet as brethren, and where, mingling their tears, their prayers, and their hopes, at the tomb of a common "Pater Patriæ," the ties of brotherhood may be renewed and the opening links of our Union be cemented and made perfect as of yore.

Influenced by considerations so well calculated to inspire the noblest emotions of our nature, the undersigned, Vice Regent of the State of North Carolina, has appointed Lady Managers in the several counties, and associated with herself committees of ladies and advisory committees of gentlemen. This organization has been commenced, and will be continued, under the confident assurance that the active and efficient co-operation of all the people of the State will be cordially extended in promoting an enterprise which should command countenance and support wherever, in this broad land, virtue has a votary, intelligence an admirer, or Patriotism a devotee.—The name, sum, and residence of every subscriber will be transcribed on the books at Mt. Vernon, and those who contribute one dollar become members of the Association, and by paying the same sum every subsequent year will be entitled to vote at the annual meeting of that year.

The names of each donor will be published.

The contributions from Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodges, Military and Fire Companies, &c., &c., with the names of the contributors, should be given in full, to be published in the Mt. Vernon Record.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Letitia H. Walker, Vice Regent of the M. V. L. A., Greensboro, N. C., or to Mr. Jesse H. Lindsay, Greensboro, N. C., who has kindly offered to act as Treasurer for the association.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

His Excellency Gov. ELLIS, Raleigh.
Ex-Gov. GRAHAM, Hillsboro.
" SWAIN, Chapel Hill.
" MOREHEAD, Greensboro.
Judge BATTLE, Chapel Hill.
" SHEPHERD, Fayetteville.
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" HENRY W. MILLER, Raleigh.
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☞ North Carolina papers please copy.

Sentence of Stevens and Hazlett.

An account of the trials and convictions of Stevens and Hazlett were given in the Times last week. Below we give a feeling account of the proceedings had in passing sentence:

"The Court Room at Charlestwon, Va., was crowded Monday morning, to hear the Sentence of the law passed upon Hazlett and Stevens. Some time was occupied by counsel in presenting bills of exception in the case of Hazlett, and it was twelve o'clock before Stevens was brought into the Court House. The prisoners were brought into Court by the Sheriff, Jailor, and a guard of twenty men, of the "Jefferson Guards." Both prisoners wore an unconcerned air, and seemed unterrified at the awful position in which they have placed themselves.

The Clerk having asked the prisoners if they had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them, both responded that they had.

Stevens then said: "May it please the Court, I have a few words to say. Some of the testimony given against me was untrue. One of the witnesses stated that I said, 'Let us kill——of a—— and burn the town.' To those who know me it is useless to make a denial of this charge; but I deny here, before God and man ever having made such a proposition. I wish to say I am entirely satisfied with the conduct of my counsel, Mr. Sennott. I think he did all in his power in my behalf. I desire also to return my thanks to the officers who have had charge of me, for their universal kind treatment, and to my physician for the services rendered me whilst suffering from my wounds.—When I think of my brothers slaughtered and sisters outraged, my conscience does not reprove me for my action. I shall meet my fate manfully."

[This reference is understood to be the treatment of his Northern brethren and sisters during the Kansas broils.]

Hazlett then spoke as follows:

"I have a few words to say. I am innocent of the charge on which I have been convicted. I deny ever having committed murder, or ever having contemplated murder, or ever having associated with any one with such intentions. Some of the witnesses have sworn to things which I deny, and which were positively false. For instance, in reference to my beard; I have never in my life, until my imprisonment in jail, allowed my beard to go more than three weeks without shaving, and all testimony, therefore, as to the length of my beard is false. Again, Mr. Copeland testified that I was sitting on a stool when he entered the cell at Carlisle; this I deny; I was sitting on a blanket, back against the wall, and another man was on the stool.—Copeland also said there were only two men in the cell; that is false, as there were four other white men in the cell with me, and we comprised all the white prisoners in the jail. Others of the witnesses made false statements; but I forgive them all. I have been treated kindly since my confinement—much better than I had expected, and I must say I think better of Virginia. I wish also to return my thanks to the counsel who have so ably defended me; they have done more in my behalf than Northern counsel could possibly have done. I repeat, I am innocent of murder, but am prepared to meet my fate."

The prisoners having concluded, Judge Kinney then proceeded to read the following sentence, during which he was much affected, and at times could with difficulty give utterance to the sentence:

Aaron D. Stevens, you have been indicted and tried by a Jury of the country, and after being defended with zeal and ability by the counsel of your own choice, from your own section of our common country, you have been found guilty of advising and conspiring slaves to rebel and make insurrection; and for conspiring with John Brown and others to rebel and make insurrection.

And you, Albert Hazlett, have also been indicted by a jury of the country, and found guilty of murder in the first degree, in wilfully, deliberately, feloniously and of malace aforethought, killing and murdering George W. Turner, Fountain Beckham, and others, and you have also been defended by counsel of the county, assigned to you at your request by the Court, with an ability seldom equalled, and with a zeal and attention to every point in your case, whether of law or fact, that could not have been surpassed had they been defending a citizen of their own county.

You have been prosecuted with great ability by the counsel representing the Commonwealth and with an interest the magnitude of the charges required, yet, in a manner the most fastidious could not except to.

The painful duty is devolved upon me to announce thus publicly the penalty the law affixes to the crimes whereof you are found guilty.

When I look on your comparative youth, your genteel appearance, and consider the mental agonies you must have endured during these protracted trials, I cannot help pitying you: and could wish, if the honor and dignity of Virginia, the security of her citizens and their property would authorize it that the law imposed a less penalty than death.

The crimes in which you participated, and which were so tragical in their incipient steps, if carried to the extent contemplated by you and your accomplices and associates in arms for horror and fraternal perfidy, would have had no parallel in modern civilization since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve.

But I will not attempt to harrow your feelings by a rehearsal of the scenes at Harper's Ferry in October last; this is now a part of the history of our common country, and will, I hope, for years to come, constitute its darkest page.

I prefer diverting your attention to your awful situation. For I declare to you that I believe you ought not to indulge in any hopes of pardon or commutation of your punishment, or of the suspension of its execution, (unless there is some error in the proceedings of the Court, or in its opinions, and there is none, I think,) and to urge you to devote the few days remaining to you in preparing to meet that Judge before whom you and I, your jurors and counsel, and all, must appear to render an account of the deeds done in the body.

You who have been raised in the Christian world must have learned that there is a gracious Redeemer, who invites all, even the greatest criminals, to believe in Him, to repent of their crimes, and partake of the blessings of His atoning blood.

If you can realize your awful position, and call on the ministers of our holy religion, they will cheerfully, gladly wait on you; they will instruct you in the way that leads to life everlasting. They will pray with you and for you; they will accompany you to the edge of the grave, and commend you to the great Captain of our salvation, in whom, if you confide and on Him rely, by his "rod and staff" he will conduct you safely through the "dark valley of the shadow of death."

He then proceeded to sentence each of them to be hung publicly on Friday, the 16th day of March next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M.

Immediately after passing sentence, the Court remanded the prisoners to jail, and the crowd drawn together to witness the proceedings quietly dispersed.

MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

The following missionaries sailed from Boston, February 13th, in the barque *Smyrniote* for China. They are destined as follows:

Rev. Mr. Thompson and wife, Miss Beach and Miss Crawford, for the Nestorian Mission; Rev. Mr. Arms and wife, for the Northern Armenian Mission; Rev. Mr. Gross and Dr. Godall and wife, for the Southern Armenian Mission; Miss Mason for the Syrian Mission, to be connected with the school on Mount Lebanon. They go out under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN OHIO.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided the case of Alfred J. Anderson vs. Thomas Miller. The Court held that persons having a mixture of African blood in their veins, the preponderance being white, were by the constitution of 1801, entitled to exercise the elective franchise; and that no change having been made in this respect by the constitution of 1851, the plaintiff having but one-eighth of African blood, and his vote having been refused at the Presidential election of 1856, for that reason alone, therefore, the Court held that he is entitled to recover for the violation of the right conferred on him by the constitution. The decision was unanimous.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial writes that "the location of a national cannon-foundry is to be one of the questions over which the North and South will wrangle. The North Carolinians urge its establishment at the coal fields on Deep River, while the Pennsylvanians claim the location at Pittsburg or Harrisburg. Meanwhile the Navy Department has already established a foundry for casting boat-guns and brass work at the navy yard in this city."

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....February 25, 1860.

C. C. Cole, J. W. Albright, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to The Times:

F. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, S. J. C. WHITTLESSEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, WILLIE E. PABOR, IRA CLAYTON, C. G. DUNN, ANNA M. BATES GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, Ed. MT. GEO. COOKE, Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. C. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. L. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPEERY, Mrs. DU VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD Mdm. O. W. LaVOIE Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, JULIA SOUTHALL, Mrs. M. A. BRYAN J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Nullification.

All, whose observation runs back a few years, will remember the denunciations cast upon South-Carolina for her nullification movements. And no state went farther in this denunciatory crusade than the state of Massachusetts. She looked upon the position of South-Carolina with a distorted and horrified visage: demanded that she should be whipped "into the harness" again, that her impudence in daring to resist the laws of the federal government should be severely rebuked.

But where stands the horrified Massachusetts now? A change has come over the spirit of her dreams: the harness that once chafed South-Carolina now chafes her. What has become of her philosophy, her patriotism, her love of Union equal and fraternal? Alas,

Self is the medium least refined of all,
Through which Opinions searching beams can fall;
And passing there, the clearest, stoutest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.

The Union meetings in the State of Massachusetts may express the sentiments of those that participate in them, and we are glad to see among them her greatest men; yet these meetings can never express the sentiments of Massachusetts, so long as her statutes forbid under heavy penalties the execution of federal laws within her bounds and by her citizens; so long as she remains in open and avowed nullification. If it were right and the duty of the President, as she urged in the case of South-Carolina, to use force in bringing back a rebellious state, may not the same artillery be turned to deal *homeward* a blow?

But Massachusetts does not stand alone in her nullification. The Governor of Ohio has recommended to the Legislature the re-enactment of the law forbidding the arrest of fugitive slaves in the State of Ohio under the fugitive slave law of Congress. The Governor of Iowa has virtually aided in running one of the Harper's Ferry insurgents without the authority of the Union and the reach of justice, by quibbling over the requisition of the Governor of Virginia. Can these things remain and the Union stand? "Long live the Union, and down with nullification" is our watchword.

Quaker Sentiment.

In Guilford County are a great many Quakers, and as a church they are perfectly quiet on the slavery question. There may be one or two, here and there, who are not so quiet; but if there are such they are very few. Their doctrine is anti-slavery, but it is not enforced or agitated outside of the pale of their church. The contrary opinion prevails in reference to them in some sections where they are not known, we are aware, but we are glad to find the following in the last *Presbyterian*, defining their position:

"As there has been, and still exists, through the country, no little excitement in relation to the subject of slavery, it is but justice that the views of all classes among us should be known in relation to the matter. The position of our Quaker friends, has, I think, been misunderstood by many persons not intimately acquainted with that worthy class of fellow-citizens. Traveling, a few days since, on the cars, I was sitting near one of their most gifted preachers—one whom they all esteem most highly—and heard him talking to a friend by his side about the "Helper Book." Among other things, he made this remark:—"I tell you, my brother, that book will not do for us. When he says abolish it (slavery) *peaceably* if we *can*, *forcibly* if we *must*, it will not do for us peace folks." This, I think, ought to be known as a matter of justice to that law-abiding people. For the sentiment of their minister thus expressed is, doubtless, the sentiment of the people generally. "Justice to whom justice is due."

The Court of Appeals of Maryland has made a decision in the long pending case of St. John's College against the State of Maryland. The decision is in favor of the college, and gives it about $150,000.

Miles Standish.

Since the name of Miles Standish has been made classical by the weird and facile pen of Longfellow, a short sketch will be interesting to all who have read his *courtship*:

One of the most prominent individuals of the Pilgrim Band, the arm and shield of the infant colony, was Captain Miles Standish, a man whose iron nerve and dauntless courage contributed much towards carrying the infant society through the perils with which it was menaced. He was small of stature but sinewy and robust, with a constitution of iron and an intrepidity of spirit, nurtured by a military education, which no danger could appal.

His family was one of the oldest in Lancashire, having flourished there from soon after the Conquest, and several of them had been distinguished for military spirit and prowess.

Miles Standish inherited in a pre-eminent degree the family talent, and being compelled to seek his fortune, chose the profession of arms, and served with the army sent by Queen Elizabeth to the assistance of the Dutch in their struggle against Spain. At Leyden he fell in with the Pilgrims, and was induced by the love of adventure, no less than an admiration of their principles, to join them in their emigration to America.

He was a passenger in the May-Flower, with his wife and daughter; the former of whom (Rose Standish) died during the first winter, and the latter (Lora Standish) before her father, as shown by the following extract from his will. "My will is, that out of my whole estate, my funeral charges be taken out, and my body to be buried in a decent manner; and if I die in Duxburrow, my body to be layed as near as conveaient to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law."

At the time of the conspiracy between the Paomet and Massachusetts Indians to cut off the colonists, Captain Standish's promptitude and bravery in killing the leaders were probably the salvation of the settlement; and his name was ever afterwards a word of terror to the savages.

After the settlement, the neighborhood of Duxbury and Kingston was allotted to Captain Standish, John Alden, Jonathan Brewster, and Thomas Prence, and the Hill, now called Captain's Hill, with the adjacent lands, became the portion of Standish. Here he built his house, and set himself to repose; here, too, in 1656, he died, at the age of seventy two, but his burial-place is unknown.

His house was burned down while occupied by his eldest son but the underpinning still remains to mark its site and form; and the old hearthstones with the blackened slabs, which formed the back of the fire-places, still stand in their places. The estate is now in the possession of James Hall, of Boston, who has collected quite a number of memorials of the original owner.

The good sword of Standish, and a kettle and dish said to have been his, are preserved in Pilgrim Hall, where is also an interesting memorial of Lora Standish, a well-wrought sampler, testifying to her piety as well as her skill in needlework.

CAPTAIN'S HILL.

"We trace the *mount*, which gently soars
Above the sea and circling shores,
Where Standish, first of martial name,
Who dauntless won heroic fame,
Skillful and brave to guide the band
Which firm achieved this chosen land,
Was wont to gaze on every side,
And scan the sail of every tide."

Hon. W. N. H. Smith.

One of the Washington correspondents of the New York *Times* gives the following sketch of Hon. W. N. H. Smith:

"Personally, this last illustrious vindicator of the Smith name is a middle aged man, of about middle height with silver-gray hair and whiskers; regular and handsome features; dark hazel eyes; great breadth of brow, with no particular height; sharp and pointed lower face; a brown complexion, and skin perfectly free from wrinkles. He looks like one who labors moderately as a lawyer, but without allowing his cases to take hold of his feelings; it would seem as if he could sleep well, after losing either a cause or the Speakership. In manner, he is extremely affable and well-bred—a silken texture of a man, with occasional shot-gleams of genial and courtier-like graces. The present is his first session in Congress, as report hath it; but his reputation as a lawyer in North Carolina fully justifies his promotion. He bears all the external traits of a good-tempered and firm nature; one who would not be likely to kick a cat lying on the hearth-rug, even on returning home cold from Court, after a vexatious day, and with dinner not ready."

New Judges.

The Council of State met in Raleigh last week and selected, from the several names before them, James W. Osborn Esq., of Charlotte, to fill the vacancy on the Superior Court Bench occasioned by the resignation of Judge Caldwell; and George Howard, Jr., of Wilson, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Judge Manly to the Supreme Court Bench.

We understand that the appointments meet with universal satisfaction. Mr. Osborn is a lawyer of long eminent standing in personal character and professional ability. Mr. Howard is quite a young man, and being a man of ability, integrity and industry, is none the less qualified by being young.

Contentment produces peace.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. With biographical notices of Sovereigns, Statesmen, and Military Commanders; description and statistics of the country; causes of the War, &c. By Julie de Marguerittes, author of "The Ins and Outs of Paris," "The Match Girl," "Parisian Pickings," etc. With an introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, with map and portraits. Philadelphia: Geo. G. Evans.

The plains of Italy, beautiful, fertile Italy, have witnessed more terrific battles, and swam oftener in gory blood than any other land of which history speaks. Here where nature has been most profuse and would indicate that peace and happiness should ever dwell, man has oftener made his field of ambition and revenge, and shut out from admiring eyes by the cloud and smoke of raging battles, the soft blue Italian skies.

In European history there is no land around which gathers a deeper interest, or whose destiny has been more varied. And even now there are elements at work, white clouds drifting along, which may at no distant day burst in all their wonted fury. The war of 1859, sudden, fierce, and quickly terminated, has an unusual interest attached to it, and justly, for it is a massive link in the chain of Italy's destiny: yes! more, in the destinies of Europe. And he who would know the position of parties and the tendencies for the future, should study the War of 1859.

Napoleon is undeniably a great man: he has understanding to devise, wisdom to keep his own counsel, and energy to execute his plans. If his life be spared, the future lies locked up in store much to be revealed. To understand passing events, we should be read up upon the past. For such an object the present volume is just such a book as is desirable, and will be useful. Although necessarily written with great rapidity, it rarely exhibits traces of great haste. It is written with a scrupulous anxiety to be accurate upon all matters of fact. The statistics of different States, here given, will be found full and accurate, and brought down from the latest published data. To enhance the interest of the book, portraits of the principal Rulers engaged in the War, have been introduced. Also, for the purpose of reference, a map, on which the course of the belligerents can readily be traced, and by which the boundaries, corporations, extent and business of each Italian State can readily be ascertained.

Dr. Mackenzie says in his introduction:

"Madame de Marguerittes, the author of this book, is well known on account of the ease, grace, and spirit of her writings, and her intimate acquaintance—by residence—with the countries whose armies are now battling for or against Italian Independence.

Her design was to describe Italy in general, as well as each distinct Sovereignty and State; to show the extent, resources, power, and political situation of each; to describe the leading members of each royal or reigning family; to point out the relative bearing of every State, each to each, and also each to Sardinia, France, and Austria, the combatants in the battle strife; to represent, with sufficient fulness and fairness, the military and financial condition, as well as the social and moral standing of each people; to describe cities and scenery in which she resided, or through which she had traveled; to state the causes, progress, and probable results of the War; and to give personal sketches, descriptions, and anecdotes of the leading personages—sovereigns, statesmen, and commanders—with many of whom, in other days and scenes far distant from this country, she had been more or less acquainted. Undoubtedly, this lady's opportunities of acquiring the information necessary to produce such a book as this were neither few nor far between. Besides, having observed closely, and remembered well and much, she has read a great deal, and has "combined her information," to use the words of the immortal Mr. Potts.

"The result has been an agreeable volume, in which, while a great deal of solid information is given, to satisfy the minds of the more exact and exacting readers, will also be largely found personal sketches and anecdotes, recollections and *on dits*, which are always acceptable, and particularly in this country, where there is a prevailing curiosity to learn everything about every body. Whoever expects *Italy and the War of* 1859 to be, from its subject, essentially a heavy book, will be greatly and pleasantly disappointed. It touches, lightly and gracefully, upon a variety of subjects, and enters searchingly and minutely enough into many more, all collateral to the principal theme of the work."

POEMS, by Matilda. Richmond, Virginia, published by A. Morris.

Such is the simple title page of a volume of poems lying before us. With the author our readers are familiar, for her poems, the reflex of her own spirit, have often enriched our columns and delighted our readers. Diffident and unassuming, Matilda is a genuine poet, the purest handiwork of nature. Her spirit is plaintive—sympathetic, but always filled with the deepest piety and following meekly the guide of Faith.

For many years the public read her poems with delight as they appeared in the periodical press, with the simple signature of "*Matilda, Grape Hill*." Her natural diffidence rebelled against public display or notoriety, and like a genuine poet, she wrote because she loved to write—because there was a league of congeniality between her spirit and the spirit of poesy. It has only been a few years since, that publ'c curiosity, which could no longer be restrained, found the genuine poetess of Grape Hill, Miss Matilda C. Smiley, Tye River Warehouse, Va. To our readers, who are familiar with her poems, we need make no comments, and for our new readers, we make only one extract from the volume before us, we make it at random:

LITTLE HETTIE

They laid her in the coffin
One cloudless summer morn,
When the sunbeams fell in shadows
On the dew-bespangled lawn.
When the birds were singing sweetly,
And the flowers around us smiled,
In the silent, silent coffin
They laid the little child.
The whitest robe was on her,
The robe she used to love,
But we knew she had a whiter
In our Father's house above:
And we sprinkled sweetest roses
On her little pulseless breast,
And kissed her cold lips softly,
And left her to her rest.

We went back to our chamber
That cloudless summer morn,
And our heart throbbed very softly,
For our little pet was gone.
There stood the little cradle
We had rocked with so much care,
And her pretty cloak was hanging
Upon her vacant chair,
And her tiny shoes were standing
Close to it, side by side,
Where the precious child had put them
The night before she died.
Her playthings were around us
She played with yesterday,
But we could not bear to see them,
So we put them all away.

We miss her at the table
From the little oaken chair,
We miss her every moment,
We miss her everywhere;
We miss her tottering footsteps,
Her laughter sweet and wild;
Ah! yes, through all the household,
We miss the happy child.
But we know that she is gathered
Where all the lovely dwell,
And we know a Father took her,
Who doeth all things well;
And though our tears of sorrow
oft fall in blinding showers,
We smile through them and murmur,
His will be done, not ours.

INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF PROTESTANTISM.

A reviewer mentions the fact that every one of the world-renowned German writers who in the last hundred years has adorned almost every field of human thought and fancy and research, was born and educated a Protestant, and adds, "If we were to strike from the records of human intellectual action all that Catholic Germany has contributed to the general stock since the Protestant Reformation, the world would not be poorer by one great idea or even by one comprehensive fact."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Among the converts baptized during a late revival in Surry county, N. C., was Mrs. Adelaid Bunker, wife of Chang Bunker, one of the Siamese twins—"The twins took a deep interest in the meeting, and were much concerned about their souls' eternal salvation, and asked the ministers to remember them in their prayers."

N. C. RAILROAD.

We learn from Mr. Wicker, the transportation agent, that the freight business of this road is better now than during the same period of any former year. A freight train, well loaded, is run every day. Among other articles, large quantities of dried fruit are passing to the North.—*Standard*.

COTTON ITEMS.

It will be seen that the receipts of cotton at the shipping ports within less than five months of the present cotton year (from Sept. 1, to January 27,) have already reached nearly three millions of bales, being 450,000 bales in excess of the receipts to the same date last year.—The usual estimate of the crop is 4,250,000 bales, but it appears to promise even more than that enormous quantity.

The sales in Liverpool during the last week heard from were 135,000 bales, a much larger quantity than was ever before sold in one week. And it will be seen that the most of it was bought on speculation.

An exchange paper says, "the Cotton trade of Norfolk promises to be 100,000 bales this year. All the North Carolina fields are sending their crops thither." Not quite all. Some send here, some to Wilmington, and many more to South Carolina. As usual, however, Virginia and South Carolina get the credit, and some of the profit too, of the productions of this State.—*Fayetteville Observer*.

HIGH PRICES.

Five hundred and thirty six negroes, owned by the estate of the late Joseph Bond, were sold at Albany, Ga., on the 4th inst., at an average of $1,035. They were sold in families and there are still thirty to be disposed of. One boy brought $3,600, and a woman, a field hand, sold for $2,500.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE ROAD.

The Senate of Virginia passed, on last week, by a vote of 28 to 13, the bill which had passed the House the day before, appropriating $350,000 for extending the Richmond and Danville Road from some point on that Road at or near Danville, through Patrick and Henry counties, &c.

The Charlotte Bulletin has not suspended as was announced, arrangements for its establishment on a permanent basis having been made. E. H. Britton, Esq., is now sole proprietor.—The Bulletin is a spirited, well-conducted sheet; and ought to succeed.

Know thyself.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Treatment of Children.

It is of the greatest importance that mothers shou'd understand the management of their offspring. The newly-born child should be kept warm and not exposed to sudden changes of temperature or currents of air. It should not be handled but kept as quiet as possible.

MEDICINES.

Never give medicine to a very young child. Many have thus lost darling children. It will, if not murdered, be permanently injured. It cries often on account of tight clothes or the pricking of pins. If medicine must be given at all, give it to the nurse.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

To prevent these, let children wear flannel undergarments. Sometimes it may be necessary to induce redness on the chest by a mustard plaster placed between two cloths.

COSTIVENESS.

Administer a little barley-water and it will remove it

TEETHING AND DIARRHŒA.

When the teeth begin to appear, an irritation is produced, and a diarrhœa often sets in to carry it off, in order to keep it from the brain. Let it run while the discharges have the natural color; when the color of the discharges change, lance the gums of the child if there is much heat about them. If the head becomes unusually warm, keep cloths around it wet with moderately cold water. If the diarrhœa still continues, a little arrow-root gruel will generally check it; sometimes it will be necessary to add a tea-spoonful of powdered chalk to a cup full of the gruel.

CROUP.

Take a dose of lobelia sufficient to act as an emetic, an hour after it has operated, administer a dose of syrup made in the following manner, viz.: a quarter pound elecampane roots, same quantity bone-set leaves and blossoms, and a pint of honey. Pulverize the roots and leaves well, put them into an earthen vessel containing the honey, and place the compound in a hot oven for about an hour, or until reduced to half the first quantity. A tea-spoonful administered three times a day is a dose.

AIR.

Let children have pure air, but keep the room warm.

If the mother is much diseased, rather than run much risk, bring the child up by hand.

FOOD FOR INFANTS BROUGHT UP BY HAND.

Take two parts of good cow's milk to one part of water, and sweeten it a little with loaf sugar. Warm it so as to be of the temperature of milk just taken from the cow.

FOOD.

It should receive its food at regular hours, three or four times a day, and it should not be permitted to take so much as to cause vomiting. The stomach of a new-born infant is very small, not larger than a common-sized thimble, so that there is great danger of giving it too much food.

Useful Hints.

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles *spend* best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meat, sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India sugar and molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugars usually contain most of the saccharine substance; therefore there is probably more economy in using the loaf, crushed and granulated sugars than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use.

Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

Shells are apt to be musty. Try a quarter of a pound before buying a quantity.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place; then the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called bank, from its peculiar color.

Fish skin for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small, and kept in a box or paper bag.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Maiden's Choice.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

A fair young girl, with an air of pride,
Stood by her gentle mother's side;
And one could see by her smiling face,
That her soul was fill'd with an inward grace;
As she cast on her mother an anxious look,
And turned the page of an ancient book;
And said, with a smile of maiden glee,
"I wonder who's coming to marry me?"

"My child, you have now at your command
Three ardent suitors to gain your hand.
The first is a merchant rich and bold,
Who seeks to win your love by his gold:
Wealth has he and houses and lands,
And hosts of slaves to obey his commands:
And he comes with the pomp and pride of life,
In the hopes of winning you for his wife."

"I cannot look, mother, this suitor to see,
His gold and his glitter are nothing to me:
He cannot with jewels capture my heart,
Nor can he with gems affection impart;
For a maiden's honor, virtue and worth,
Far outvalues the trinkets of earth;
Then, mother, dear mother, this merchant bold,
Must learn that *true love* can ne'er be sold."

"My daughter, next comes with a look of pride,
A soldier brave, to make you his bride:
He cometh alone in his armor of steel,
His sword at his side, his spurs at his heel:
He hath met the foe in battle array,
And by his prowess and skill in the fray,
Hath won for himself a noble name,
And a record of deeds on the scroll of fame."

"As he came, dear mother, so let him depart,
I can find no place for him in my heart:
What care I for his blood-gotten fame,
Or the laurels that may entwine round his name:
There is terror before him, and death in his track,
Such suit'rs as he may wend their way back:
For ne'er will I a murderer wed,
To be haunted by ghosts of the sleeping dead."

"Look out, my child, from the casement again,
Here cometh a lover, I hope not in vain:
He bringeth no jewels from ocean's cave,
Nor brilliant gems from the dark blue waves:
No weapon he wields, no armor he wears,
A harp and a scroll are the burdens he bears:
'Tis a Poet, my child, he can but impart
The love and the worth of an honest heart."

"My mother, dear mother, O, bid him come in,
This, this is the youth my bosom shall win.
My heart, full of love, is resisting no more,
For 'tis the loved Poet who stands at the door.
He bringeth a treasure more precious than gold,
He singeth the songs of triumphs untold;
That treasure *is thought*—more valued by far,
Than the gems and gold of the Universe are.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Partizan Chief;

OR, THE

SPECTRE of the SWAMP,

A Tale of South Carolina,

DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY R. M. PAGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"AND now!" said Ernest as soon as they were a safe distance from the sentinels, "now let us with all speed to the release of my beloved Kate."

"Not so fast my dear friend, let us not be in too great a hurry."

"Hump," repeated Ernest, almost indignantly, "can we be in too much haste?"

"Certainly," was the calm reply, "it will not do to be rash."

"Is it rash to wish to release, from her deadly enemies, the fair girl whom I love better than life? Is it rash to wish to meet her again?"

"No, the act in itself is not rashness, but we must wait for a better time, a little haste might spoil all hopes of the success of my plans."

"You know not the feelings that burn in my breast," replied Ernest.

"I contend that I do know exactly what thoughts are uppermost."

"You do *not* know," was the impetuous rejoinder of Ernest.

"Perhaps not, but I think I can put it clearly before you."

"You have full permission, but I know it will be a failure."

"We shall see better directly, Captain Elliott," was the cool reply. "In the first place, you are free. I have just had the extreme pleasure of releasing you from the power of one who intended you to die by the halter ere five hours from this time had elapsed, but thank God, you are, for the present, safe, that is precisely your position. Now for that of Miss Walmore: I think I have at length found out where she is confined, and you, in your headlong wish to see her again, are ready to become angry with me for not leading you instantly to the place. Were I to follow your wishes, you would, I doubt not, return ere sunrise to the captivity you have just left, and to the death you have so narrowly escaped. You appear to be possessed of an insane wish, to rescue Miss Walmore immediately, or perish in the attempt, and you would, I have no doubt, greatly prefer the latter: I wish to curb the foolhardy ideas which reign, pre-eminent, over you, and which you, no doubt, denominate chivalry: but I speak to you as an anxious father would counsel a brave but headstrong son. Have I not spoken tru'y?"

"Yes, yes," replied Ernest, "forgive me for the impatience I manifested."

"I am glad to see you speak honestly, I knew you would see the truth of my words."

"Now," said Ernest in a cheerful voice, "as you seem to be commander, whom I am in duty bound to obey, I beg leave to enquire what your orders are for the government of my conduct?"

"I propose that you first go to your company, from whom you have been absent for some time, and have them prepared for warm work, at a moment's notice."

"You speak truly," replied Ernest, "in my agony of mind, I had almost forgotten them, what has become of my gallant men since our separation?"

"By corresponding with them, I caused them to remain in the same camp in which you left them, at the same time, active scouts were busy in every direction."

"How can I ever repay you? You have kept my men in order during the imprisonment of their leader, you have kept a watch upon the enemies of Kate Walmore, and have released me, how is it possible to remunerate you."

"By mentioning it no more, and obeying me in future," was the reply.

"I will obey you hereafter, but cannot obey the former request."

They had by this time reached the place where Ernest had first met his strange deliverer, and there, fastened near the "blasted pine," before described, stood Ernest's trusty, black steed.

"What! Javoy here?" he exclaimed, "how does that happen?"

"I will explain," replied his companion, "on the night of your unsuccessful attempt to rescue Miss Walmore, I found him a short distance from the spot where you were taken; I have since taken care of him, and he is now ready to bear you to your men."

"'Tis but another debt to cancel," said Ernest in a tone of gratitude.

"You can easily find your camp now," continued his friend, as if unheeding the last remark. "As for myself, I have something else to attend to ere I sleep, but I will see you again soon," and, followed by his never-failing companion, Liberty, he plunged into the forest, while Ernest rode off in the opposite direction. We will follow the former.

Half an hour's rapid walking brought him to Mother Hop's hut, but he did not enter, instead of that he walked around it, closely inspecting the whole of it, but all the while keeping at a short distance from the house; then he approached the small window that gave light to Kate's room, and by the help of the logs climbed up to it, and peered through; all doubt was now dispelled, for there he saw Kate sweetly sleeping, one small hand resting on the snow-white counterpaine while its mate supported the soft cheek; he was now satisfied, and descending, noiselessly, he made his way toward his own domicil, and was soon asleep.

What refreshment it brings to the weary, to lay themselves down, and have gentle slumber to heal their cares; I beleive in its balmy influence, accordingly I will inform you that I am sleepy and tired, dear reader, and bid you "*Good Night.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

KATE was aroused by the entrance of Mother Hop, who was this time, the bearer of her dinner; noticing Kate's look, she said.

"You've been asleep, have you? must have been tired."

"'Tis so lonesome here," replied Kate, "that I am glad to pass part of the day in sleep, you would do the same were you in my situation."

This was said in the hopes of arousing the sympathy of the strange woman, but it had no effect upon her, as was evident from her reply

"I have no doubt of the truth of your words," in a cold tone.

"I cannot see," continued Kate, "how it is possible that one female can be the means of keeping one of her own sex in my situation."

"Perhaps *you* cannot, but *I* can," she replied in a tone of apathy.

"I have never known you before, nor have I ever done you aught of harm, and still I am confined here, not even permitting me to leave the room."

"It is true that *you* have never harmed me, but I have, nevertheless, been made to suffer, oh! how acutely, no one is able to know."

"Who was the author of your sufferings, and in what manner?"

"It involves part of a lifetime," was the rejoinder.

"My time hangs heavily on my hands, will you not enliven it by the recital?"

"'Twould chill you through were I to tell you all."

"Fear not," replied Kate, "I have learned to bear much in the last few weeks."

"Then, as you wish it, I will tell it, and you can see by it that what I have done to you has been caused by sorrow"

"Let me hear it, by all means," replied Kate in eager tones.

"Then, in the first place, tell me if you ever heard your mother speak of Helen Daup?"

"Helen Daup!" repeated Kate as if trying to remember some half forgotten occurrence," "Helen Daup! if memory serves me aright, I have heard my mother often speak of such a person as one of her earliest and best friends, but I also heard her say that she had died when in the pride of youth, but what of *her*?"

"*I* am the Helen Daup of which your mother spoke."

"You Helen Daup?" repeated Kate in astonishment, "When will wonders cease?"

"Never, I suppose," was the light reply, as if with youthful vivacity.

"Tell me about yourself, I am anxious to know."

"Then I will begin at the beginning, that you may know all, and be able to judge accordingly. In the first place, I was rich, of as aristocratic, and high-born family as Carolina could boast, and, to crown all, I was beautiful, very beautiful, and, as such, I was much admired. It was when I was on the verge of twenty that I first met Ernest Elliott, do not look so doubtingly, for I speak the truth, it was not the Ernest Elliott whose manly beauty has won your heart, but his father, who bore the same name, that now belongs to the sole remaining member of that ancient, and proud family. 'Twas at a ball, given by the members of the school at which your mother and myself had received our education, and there, I met the father of Ernest Elliott. As I before said, I was beautiful, and he felt its influence, for he was soon among the crowd of intelligent men who claimed to be my admirers; he was a man of sound sense, and intelligence, and I, consequently, felt flattered at this proof of my beauty. We came to love each other, *he*, at least, saying so, while *I* loved him, oh! how passionately. He told me that he loved me, and asked of me the same return, could I refuse it? No, and I promised to be his; after this, with love's young dream nestling close to my heart, I lived, as happy as I could have wished.

"A short time after our betrothal, another family came to reside in half a day's journey of where I lived: two pretty daughters were the only children, so said rumor, but I cared little whether they were pretty or homely, until the same source informed me that my betrothed had been seen making frequent visits to the new-comers; I tried not to notice this, from the fact that his land adjoined theirs, but I could not help noticing that he gradually fell off in his attentions to me, but my pride caused me to treat it with silence; but at length the dread confirmation came to me, alas! too soon I attended the nuptials of a friend, and, as was usually the case, all the wealthier class, for leagues around were present. The festivities were delightful, music and dancing lent their charm to the enjoyment of the occasion; still, I was not happy, he, whom I loved with all the fervor of a passionate heart, was at my side but little that evening; true, others were there, many of whom would have given their hope of salvation for a smile from me, but I cared not for their idle homage, and withdrew, as soon as possible, to the music room, which was empty. I seated myself in a bay window, drawing the curtains to prevent disturbance by any who might wander through the room.

"I had been sitting there for some time, bitter thoughts filling my mind, when I heard the sound of a voice, which I knew to belong to but one person on earth, that one was Ernest Elliott, he was accompanied by her whom I had learned to consider my rival, and the two took a seat upon a sofa, so close to me that I feared they could hear my deep, but suppressed, breathing; escape was impossible, and I was forced to hear a tale of love breathed into her ear by the same lips that had before vowed to love only me."

The speaker paused, a look of agony passed over her face, sufficient to give our heroine some idea of the pain she had felt on the night of the occurrence, but Kate begged her to proceed, and the woman continued:

"She gave no answer, save a chiding for being false to me, for it had been a well known fact that we were betrothed, and she reminded him of it as a barrier to their union, to this he replied:

"'I have long since overcome the love, if love it may be called, that I bore for her; when first we met, I was blinded by her beauty, and supposed I had given her my heart, *but I love only you.*'

"I shall never forget those words, Oh! my God, how I suffered."

Again was she forced to stop, the memory being too strong for her feelings.

"Pray go on, I am anxious to hear," said Kate with feeling.

"That was the last I remember, for I sank into a state of mental stupor; when I awoke, nearly all the guests had departed, save those whose intention it was to remain over-night, among the former, Elliott, and his betrothed. I remained until the next day, and then returned to my home.

"All my love, for him, was now gone, and instead, there came unquenchable, unconquerable hate, such only as a wronged woman can feel, against him who had done the injustice. I had before loved him with all the intensity of a passionate nature, but now I hated him ten thousand times more than I had ever loved him, and instead of the desire to become his wife which had once been the governing wish of my life, I was now determined upon revenge that would repay a thousand fold the misery he had caused me. I did not wait for him to tell me of his changed attachment and ask a release from me. On the contrary, I told him that I had mistaken my real feelings, and had changed my mind; he appeared relieved, and was shortly thereafter married, while I was busily engaged in making plans by which to accomplish my purpose.

"Little more is necessary, I gathered together all the money I could command, and left the roof under which I had been born and reared, leaving the impression that I had been drowned in a swift stream near by. I afterward sought for a place where I could be near the objects of my hate, and hit upon this as the spot best calculated for my necessity. Well were my plans carried out. Oh! how unhappily, by my machinations, did I cause Ernest Elliott to live. Often did he have cause to wish he were dead, and all through a woman who had loved him, and whose love he had treated lightly. While the little Ernest was yet young, being only two or three years of age, through my wiles, the father was made to leave this country to escape the domestic unhappiness I had caused. Yes, *I* had brought it all about, *I* whom he had protested to love and so crully deserted, yes, *I* had caused all this, I had brought that greatest possible evil, domestic unhappiness, to his home, and now he left his native land to escape its blighting influence. Was I not revenged? *In part.*

"For several years he wandered over Europe, but at length he resolved to visit America again; he started on his return, but the vessel in which he embarked, went down during a storm, and all on board were lost, *he* perished with the rest, thus escaping my vengeance.

"His wife lamented his death, but lived for several years thereafter, during which time I allowed her to remain in perfect peace, but she finally passed away, gently as she had lived, and the son was the only one left; after I have sent him to a wretched end, and ignominious death, I will be satisfied, then farewell to America, and sunny Carolina."

The narration was ended, but still, Kate sat, speechless with amazement; the cold tone in which she had related what she had already done, and her intentions regarding Ernest, perfectly overawed her, and she involuntarily came to the conclusion that she could expect nothing at her hands.

"You are no doubt surprised at what I have said, and the manner in which I have told it to you, but I have thought of these things so long that they no longer possess the power to excite me. You may expect a visitor to-night. It is Silman, say nothing to him of what I have said"

"Silman to be here again," said Kate, "and *she* wishing secrecy on my part, 'tis evident that he has some interest in regard to me also. If they are not careful, I will out wit them all, a man's wit is very good, but for practical use, give me a woman's always."

CHAPTER XXX.

ALL that night the inmates and defenders of Pine Grove anxiously awaited the attack that was to be made. It was long after midnight that any unusual signs were perceived, and that was not until Snipes returned with the information they were making silent, but prompt preparations for a desperate attack.

On hearing this, Captain Walmore made the final disposition of his forces. His lieutenant, as before, commanded the sharp-shooters in the upper story. Lem Mokers, Fancy Snipes, and the Captain himself together with a sufficient number of others to make up ten in number, were to repulse the assailants in the rear, while the remainder of those who had been under his command, retained the same position they had formerly occupied. To those stationed in the stable, orders had already been sent, to be prepared to add a volley against the besiegers, and after that, at a given signal, to appear, and assist in the rout of the enemy.

The Captain made these arrangements with the most perfect confidence in his men, and he had no doubt that they would be able to give the Tories a decided repulse, and he determined to put an end to the seige, for he was anxious to carry out the original plans for which the company had been organized. Mrs. Walmore, and the female servants, were placed in a remote corner of the house as far as possible from the noise of the conflict, and a small but trusty guard placed to defend them should entrance be gained by the beseigers. Thus they awaited the coming of the enemy.

Not long were they to wait, for soon the small party drawn up so closely together in the basement, heard the sound of cautious footsteps on the outside. Each man's heart beat faster, not from fear, for that was a feeling unknown to them, but each knew that a close, hand to hand encounter must take place ere many more seconds were inscribed upon the wheels of time.

The next instant a dull, heavy sound fell on their ear. It was the stroke of the ponderous beam in the hands of Harper's men. The Captain had removed the fastening, for purposes of his own, and, consequently, the door flew open. Then, with a wild cry of exultation, the assaulters sprang through the door; they were answered by an equally loud shout by the party within, and the two met in conflict, deadly conflict, in the basement of the house. The assaulters hesitated a moment, for they had expected to meet with no opposition, but it was only for a moment, and then, with renewed vigor, the two parties fought; Harper, the young Tory, was the first to raise his sword, and his foe fell dead beneath its descending blow; his men were brave, and the prospect of plunder was before their eyes, so they struck quick and fast, to rid themselves as quickly as possible from an enemy of only half their numbers; but the cool, decided bearing of the defending party, soon had its effect over the rash impetuosity of the others, and the numbers of the latter were to be seen, gradually, but surely, diminishing. In five minutes half of Harper's men lay weltering in their blood. Seeing this, Captain Walmore called upon the remainder to surrender, to save the shedding of more blood, but this Harper peremptorily refused to do.

As for the gallant little band of defenders, but two had fallen, and these by the hand of Harper; rushing again upon the unhurt enemy, it was obvious that their object was to reach the door in front, for all fought in that direction; but it was useless, for the opposing party knew the design was to open it to the rest of Gregar's marauders, and they stood their ground so well that not one accomplished the desired purpose; still they fought on, with renewed energy, the voice of their leader sounding in their ears, urging them on. In vain did they struggle, for, one by one, they fell, mortally wounded, till Harper stood alone before his foes. Still, his energy did not forsake him, on the contrary it rose to meet the exigencies of the case; he was ambitious, and strove to gain fame by deeds of arms, this accounted for his rashness. Beating down the guard of the man against whom he was contending, he wounded him badly, and, springing over the prostrate body, he reached the door; it was of oak, and fastened by a heavy, iron bar, this the young Tory had nearly succeeded in removing, when the voice of Snipes sounded in his ear.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow, 'twouldn't be good for our helth to hev *that* opened," at the same time he dealt him a blow with the butt of his pistol that laid him senseless. This ended the attempt in that quarter, which, as we see, was entirely frustrated. Let us now follow the attack in another direction.

When Gregar heard the shout, he knew that Harper had effected an entrance, he then pushed his men rapidly forward, expecting to see the broad door open to allow his blood-thirsty fiends to enter, and pillage the house at will; the revenge for the tingling blow on his cheek, given by the slipper of Kate Walmore, would soon meet with success. Ought he not be well pleased?

To his great surprise, when, at the head of his men, he neared the house, he heard the clash of arms, and knew Harper to be hotly engaged, but what cared he? the remainder were sufficient for the work, provided Harper but removed the obstacle to their entry. As for the fate of his lieutenant, he cared not, he had distinguished himself too much recently, and were he killed, 'twould gratify his feelings of envy. Ordering his men into a swift charge, he approached the house, but from the windows came lurid flames, a rattling volley poured into their ranks, thinning them out like grain before the destructive hail.

"Charge!" shouted Gregar in his husky tones, "Charge, and hew down the doors, that villian Harper has proved a traitor, charge, and give no quarter."

But this humane resolution was not permitted to be carried into effect, for another volley even more destructive than the first, swept through his ranks, the men wavered for an instant, and then fled precipitately; leaden messengers from an unseen enemy, were more than they could relish, and they retreated, followed by their leader, who with angry curses, urged them to return.

'Twas useless to attempt to bring them back, true, a small number gathered around him, but they were two few to effect anything, and were forced to follow the example of the others, and mount, and dash away.

Although Gregar had failed in taking the house, his lieutenant was out of the way, for he doubted not that every man of them had been killed.

His reasons were various for wishing Harper dead, one of the most important of which was that his dauntless courage, and pleasing address, had won the affections of all the men, whereas, the overbearing disposition, and supercillious manner of Gregar, ill suited the free ideas of the rude men under his command. Thus it is with the most lawless characters of whom history makes record, or tradition hands down from one generation to another, the legends of their daring; among the class of men, where honesty is at a discount, and loose principles hold unbounded license, there may always be found admiration and respect for the elements of true courage and softened sensibilities. The most notorious leaders of outlaws, of whom we have ever read, owed their success in governing the wild spirits that flocked to their standard, to the fact that they showed their superiority over them, commanding both their respect and love. 'Tis but the superiority of mind over matter, as shown by the every-day occurrences of life.

Captain Gregar possessed not the elements so necessary to proper command, he, therefore, possessed their *outward* respect, and, but little, if any, of their love.

In order to understand properly the character of Harper, a short, but needful digression will have to be made, in order to give some of the events of his past life.

His parents had been wealthy, and had enjoyed high social standing. While he was but fifteen years old, and soon after the commencement of the war, a party, calling themselves whigs, had attacked, and taken his father's house and murdered both his father and mother, in cold blood, before his eyes; he was left for dead upon the floor, but was found in this condition by a faithful old family servant, and brought back to life. Very naturally, revenge became the leading principle of his life. His father had remained neutral, secretly espousing the cause of the patriots, and to see his parents cruelly murdered by persons calling themselves of that party was too much for human nature to bear, and young as he was, he took up arms for the opposite party, and became a Tory.

Wofully did he revenge the murder of his parents, many were they who fell by the blows of his strong arm, and every time he met the enemy, his eye wandered about in search of the murderer, for one arm had struck the blow that sent each to the land of rest; but nowhere could he find the man whose features were so indelibly impressed upon his mind, and the principal reason of his so anxiously wishing to gain entrance into Pine Grove Mansion, was the hope that within its walls, he might find the one for whom he had so long sought, and, as we have already seen, he fell senseless from a blow given by Snipes' strong arm.

Let us return to the inmates of the beseiged mansion.

On seeing the discomfiture of the enemy, Captain Walmore decided not to sally out after them as he had at first intended, but to attend to the wounded, of which there were some in the basement, and many on the outside; he sent the men, and male servants to the relief of the latter, while, with the female portion of the household, he proceeded below, to the assistance of those lying there. The form of Harper was the first that met his view, and he

caused it to be borne to one of the chambers above; he had noticed the youth's gallant bearing, and knew that in him could be found a "foeman worthy of his steel," and he personally attended to the dressing of his wounds.—The rest of the wounded were duly cared for, and then all withdrew to take the rest so much needed by their tired bodies.

A half hour thereafter, where all had so lately been confusion and bloodshed, not a sound could be heard to mar the calmness of the hour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"How do you like Mother Hop's hospitality?"

"A great deal better than that of Captain Gordon."

The foregoing question had been put by Silman on entering the room occupied by Kate, and the answer was given by her in a calm tone that told that she had objects of her own in view, and would carry them out.

"You seem to be mity well pleased with the way you're fixed," he continued.

"I can't say that I am very much displeased with it."

"Have you hearn from Cap'n Elliott today?" he again asked.

"No," was the reply, in a slightly agitated tone, "but what of him?"

"Nuthin'" was the answer, "'cept the Cap'n tol' him he was to hang purty soon."

"To hang!" she repeated in astonishment, "can Arthur Gordon be guilty of such an act?"

"He not only can, but will," was the cool rejoinder.

"And is there no way for him to escape from the clutches of that fiend incarnate?"

"None at all, he's gone this time, sartin sure."

"Will not money pay for his release?" asked the agitated girl.

"Money!" Silman repeated, "money, ha, ha, ha, *money* save him? No."

"Could you not, if well paid, effect his release as you did mine?"

"No indeed! that I can't," Silman replied, his face wearing a puzzled look.

"You were well paid for releasing me, why not do the same for him?"

This question was put by Kate, to make him believe she had faith in him.

"'Cause it wuddent be comfortable to hev the Cap'n hangin' me."

"But why stay with him? Set Captain Elliott at liberty and he will pay you well."

"How much would *you* give me?" he asked in unconcerned tones.

"Give you, I will reward you handsomely, and he will do the same"

"Thars only one condition on which I'll set him loose."

"Name it, what is the condition?" asked Kate, her hopes suddenly rising.

"Then it is this, I will set him free if you will marry me."

"Never!" shouted Kate, her fury rising, "become *your* wife. I had sooner go to my grave than marry a brutal, unprincipled murderer like you."

"Then your fine lover'll hev to die," said Silman in an exultant tone.

"He would prefer death to my marrying *you*," she replied.

"Better mind my fine lady which way you trim your sails."

"Cowardly villian," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire, "think you I fear one who wars against females, begone! I loathe the sight of you."

"You don't hurt *me* by hard names," said Silman, having regained self-possession.

"Begone I tell you, leave me villian," overcome with anger at his proposal.

"Suppose the *villian* don't want to leave you, what then?"

To this last remark, she deigned no reply, she was endeavoring to curb her anger.

"Le's not git mad, Miss Walmore," said Silman, in a contrite tone, "I beg your pardon."

"It is granted," said Kate, for she had now fully controlled her temper.

"I hope you'll not take offence at what I have said," he continued.

"Wil' you undertake to set Captain Elliott at liberty for *money?*"

"Dunno but I may, howsumdever, I'll study on it."

"How am I to know what your conclusion may be?"

"You will know if I do it, by his being free."

"Do it, by all means, and you shall be amply rewarded."

"I'll see about it," was his answer, as he left the room.

On the outside he was met by Mother Hop, to whom he said,

"How do you like your boarder?"

"Very well, she is quiet and orderly," she replied in her cracked tones.

"Do you keep her company much?" he asked, eyeing her keenly.

"Not much," replied Mother Hop, "I only see her at meal times."

"You are certain that you have not talked too much to her?"

"Didn't I tell ye so before?" replied the beldame savagely.

"Take good care of her, and I will pay you promptly," said he, departing.

"Pay!" hissed Mother Hop between her clenched teeth, "I'll amply pay myself."

In the meantime Silman made his way back to camp, muttering:

"Yes I'll *pay* her with a cold knife between the ribs, an' that fine little bird I've got caged so nicely, I'll see if I can't git sum uv the high notions out o' *her* head, she fairly raved when I said marry to her, guess she'll quit that 'fore I git dun with her. *Lucifer*! don't my plans work well? I'll soon be ready to take that nice bird to another cage, then I'll jist put a knife inter Mother Hop's ribs an' be dun with her; about that time my other plans will be ready, an' then Cap'n Silman, instead of plain Joe, hurrah!" and he indulged in a hearty chuckle at the success of his plans.

"Now, I can fully understand this man Silman," sollilo ,uised Kate, after he had left her, "he wants to marry me, that's very plain, but Mother Hop will prevent such a consummation. They may do the fighting, while I come in for the spoils; by the by, what a capital hand I begin to be at plotting, should I remain with Arthur Gordon, his man Silman, and Mother Hop much longer I should become an able diplomatist."

On Silman's return, he was met a short distance from Dolly Hank's, by Gordon, who, eyeing him in a manner at once suspicious and searchingly, asked:

"Whither have you been wandering, my good friend and soldier?"

"I've been tryin' to find out who's bin a traitor to you Cap'n."

"And, have you succeeded in the good work?" he asked.

"Not intirely Cap'n, but I hope to do so soon," was the reply.

"Are you on the track of the villian, think you?" Gordon asked.

"I dunno fur sartin, but I think I am," Silman replied.

"Do you indeed?" sneered Gordon, "pray tell me who you think he was?"

"I can't tell ye that, not *now*, at enny rate," said Silman hesitatingly.

"Suppose I command you to tell?" said Gordon, in authoritative tones.

"Suppose you *did*, *I* would not obey," was the bold answer.

"I am your commander," suggested Gordon in a stern voice.

"Can't help it Cap'n, I can't obey you in this case."

"Well," said Gordon, growing red with anger, "I *do* command you."

"All the same to me, as I tole you before," replied Silman coolly.

"You are guilty of a breach of orders," said Gordon angrily.

"I knowed that 'fore you told me so," was the cool answer.

"Then sir," said Gordon, more calmly, "tell me where you have just been?"

"I'll not tell you *that* either."

"I could put you under guard for disobeying orders."

"You'd find that to be a harder job than 'twas to hang Calvin yisterday."

"'Tis too true," said Gordon gloomily, "we must be friends, give me your hand."

"Yes Cap'n, we'd better be friends, fur its an' old an' true sayin' that when rogues fall out, honest men git thar dues, thars my hand."

And the two villians, for that term is alike applicable to each, became outwardly reconciled. Arthur Gordon was afraid of the consequences of an open disrupture with Silman, for he knew, full well, the power the latter could wield over the men; *that* had been fully shown by the occurrence of the previous day, at the same time, that he asked for friendship with Silman, his pride, and overbearing disposition caused him to detest the man. Such is Life.

THE POST OFFICE APPROPRIATION.

The President having approved of the post-office bill it is therefore now a law. As amended previous to its passage, it appropriated $4,002,696 for supplying the defic.ency in the revenues, and defraying the expenses of the Department for the year ending with June last; and towards the support of the Department for the fiscal year ending in June next, $4,000,000, and a further sum of $2,400,000, in payment of the salaries of the officers and clerks, transportation of mails, wrapping paper, bags, stamps, etc. Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to commence sixty days after the expiration of the quarter in which the service was rendered, but in no case prior to the 1st of May, 1859, to the present date, shall be paid on all sums found due the contractors for carrying the mails—the interest to be paid only to the contractors themselves in full of all damages by reason of the failure or delay in their payment. No interest is to be allowed on payments for the last quarter ending with December last. A sum for this purpose is also appropriated.

The amendment to abolish the franking privilege was lost.

BONDS OF WILMINGTON.

The Treasurer of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad Co., (says the Wilmington *Herald*,) offers for sale the bonds of the town of Wilmington, issued in payment of the town's subscription to the capital Stock of the Company, in sums of $500 and $1,000 each, with coupons attached, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. We learn that they are exempt from tax, and there is no fear but that the town will faithfully pay the interest as it matures. This appears to be a fine opening for capitalists to make investments.

THE CHAMPION SWIMMER.

A Sandwich Island boy recently deserted the whale-ship Franklin when twenty miles at sea, jumping overboard about eight o'clock at night, and swimming all night for the land. By daylight he was within half a mile of shore, but there encountered a strong opposing current, and after buffeting the waves in a vain effort to reach the beach, he saw a sail several miles to the leeward, changed his course for the vessel, striking out to sea again, and was on her deck by nine o'clock Friday morning, nothing harmed by his fourteen hours' swim.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, $2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, $1 50, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

☞ Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Mount Vernon.

We invite especial attention to the Appeal in this paper from the accomplished Vice Regent of North Carolina, who "appeals" in language so truly eloquent and patriotic—the patriotism that burned in the hearts of the devoted women of the Revolution.

The purchase of Mount Vernon has been nobly done by the women of America, but to stop at the purchase will cut short the work only half completed. The simple ownership of the tomb of Washington in decay and ruins is not enough, there should be an endowment fund kept in perpetuity, whose interest should keep the grounds in repair that would reflect credit upon the women of America.

Irish Potatoes.

A. H. Lindsay, of this county, has for sale this week, as fine a lot of Irish potatoes as we have ever seen. Those who are compelled to buy potatoes had better embrace this opportunity and secure enough for their seed.

To Correspondents.

Our correspondence is becoming so heavy, our friends will please accept of answers thro' the Times. R. G. S.—Will comply with your proposition. Have written as you proposed. Poem by Mrs. H. accepted. MATILDA.—Miss-el you? Indeed we have, and are really glad to greet you once more. We are glad you esteem the Times so highly—"a necessity in the household." We fully appreciate the remarks: "I wish I could hope for a reform through all the South in regard to Southern books and papers. Our people *seem* to be very patriotic, and talk a great deal about our own literature, but if they are asked to take a Southern paper or book, their patriotism cools in a moment, and they haven't the money or the time to read, and all the time their tables are loaded with Northern trash. It is too bad!"

LAURA L.—Ellen Bayne is a pathetic and touching poem. Accept of our thanks for your kind efforts for the Times. A little united effort from all who would wish a Southern family paper would accomplish the object.

ELIZA VON LINDEN.—Your translations from the German are very fine. We are glad to add your name to our list of contributors.

Some other contributions have been received, but we have not had time to examine. We are pleased to hear from many of our old contributors, as well as many who have never before written for the Times.

Cuba for Invalids.

The following letter may be of some importance to invalids. It was written to the South Carolinian by Dr. Gibbs of Columbia:

TRINIDAD, Feb. 6, 1860.—The climate of Havana is not suitable for invalids from the North. In addition to the numerous causes of excitement in that gay city, the northers are very distressing to the lungs and the charge of $4 per day to the pocket. Persons in ill health should seek the air, and on the South side of the island, where northers are not felt. The difficulty of procuring accommodation is very great; at *San Antonio*, the hotel is closed: at *Guines*, it is a miserable affair; and at *Cardenas*, not much better; at *Sagua la Grande*, there is no house of entertainment.

Trinidad is somewhat distant from Havana, but you go in less than two days, being one night in a first-rate steamer, with good staterooms, and a fair table; and this place is admirably situated for invalids. It is beautifully situated on the side of a mountain, and seldom without a delightful breeze. The temperature is equable, and varies from 75° to 80°. An engineer on the railroad here gave me the following record: December 3, 73°; December 4, 73°; December 10, 73°; December 11, 70°; December 18, 67°—the coldest day this winter. The sea is in front and the mountains in the rear of the city—the slope being nearly 400 feet to the sea; hence you have either a mountain air or a sea breeze, which is soft and genial, bearing on its bosom a delicious langor, which we suppose is the *dolce far niente* of the poet. Its soothing influence on irritable systems does more than medicine, because its medicine is combined with lightness of atmosphere, containing a reduced amount of oxygen for the combustion which wears out life in such cases.

The hotel de la Grande Antilla, the only one here, is now in the hands of Mons Bernard, who had the reputation of keeping one of the finest houses in Havana. He has a cook of great celebrity, and the table is excellently served and attended. There are some privations in the house to Northern habits, but the host seems very desirous to have everything arranged to the satisfaction of his guests.

Trinidad is the neatest city we have seen, being paved, and washed by every rain. It is entirely free from dust, and is remarkably quiet, except that the bells of the cathedral and churches remind one constantly of their services On two of the evenings of the week, the military band plays, in the plazas, delightful music from the best operas; and there is always some amusement or other at the theatre for those who can enjoy them. Country seats or sugar plantations in the neighborhood may be visited, and the beautiful vegitation of the island seen to great advantage. To those who prefer the entire quiet of the country, an opportunity exists for an accommodation at a *quinta*, two miles from town, which has just been rented to Mr. Cascelles for visitors. It is in a beautiful neighborhood and has the luxury of a fine bath-house. On the whole, we know no more desirable a place for invalids to pass the cold months; and finding great benefit and pleasure in its gentle breezes and agreeable temperature, we cordially recommend it to our friends who may visit Cuba.

BLACK REPUBLICAN OUTRAGE.

The Louisville Courier charges Governor Bissell, of Illinois, with conniving at the escape of a negro fellow named Riley. A requisition for Riley from the Governor of Kentucky was presented at Springfield, Ill., on the 8th instant. Gov. Bissell affected much kindness, immediately wrote a note to the Secretary of State for the necessary papers, and favorably impressed the Kentuckians by his suavity and courtesy. But mark the sequel. Gov. Bissell, on the noon train the day previous, had dispatched a message with an order to the warden of the prison ordering the slave discharged forthwith, and advising the warden that he would fill up a pardon when he was informed of the date of the discharge. Dyer, a noted abolitionist of Chicago, conveyed the slave to that city, and on the arrival of the Kentuckians, who pursued him, had him taken to Canada. The Courier says, there is no mistake about the matter.

DEATH OF H. H. CALDWELL.

A youthful harp has been silenced and its sonorous chords, to which a thousand hearts looked with eager expectations, have been snapped asunder by the relentless destroyer. Howard Hayne Caldwell, whose name was known and esteemed by many readers, died in Columbia, on Monday night, in the dawn of manhood and of poetic achievements and purposes. In the absence of our Columbia exchanges, we are not in possession of particulars, and can only add our hearty utterances of condolence to all affected by this sad bereavement and eclipse of youthful genius.—*Charleston Courier 17th inst.*

MARRIED.

In Petersburg, Va., on the 15th inst., Mr. JOHN SPELMAN, editor of the Salisbury *Banner*, to Miss MOLLIE, daughter of the late Mr. William Lea.

In Cabarrus county, on the 16th inst., Mr. DANIEL M. MOORE to Mrs. ANN YOST.

In Yorkville, S. C., on the 14th inst., Mr. JOHN J. SMITH to Miss JANE MCFADDEN.

In Rock Hill, S. C., on the 9th inst., Mr. THOS. SWORDS to Mrs. ELIZABETH NEELY.

In York District, S. C., on the 2d inst., Mr. FRANKLIN H. YOUNGBLOOD to Miss ELVIRA J. BURNS.

In Warren county, on the 18th January, Rev. BENJ. F. LONG, of the N. C. Conference, to Miss REBECCA, daughter of A. S. Brame, Esq.

DIED.

In York District, S. C., on the 4th inst., Mrs. MARY M., wife of the late Dr. John B. Hunter.

In Union county, on the 15th inst., Col. JAMES A. DUNN aged 67 years.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by E. L. Cde.

FEBRUARY 22.

Bacon 12@15c, beef 4@5c, beeswax 25c, butter 20c, coffee 13@16c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 75c, meal 75c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 10c, feathers 40c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c; hides, green 5c, dried 10c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 33@40c, nails 6@7, oats 45@50c; peas, yellow 75c, white 80c; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 8c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 15c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 80c@$1.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

FEBRUARY 16.

FLOUR—Receipts from North Carolina are fair, with a moderate stock; the market is not active, there being but a limited demand, principally for consumption, at Family $6 75, Extra $6 15, Superfine $5 50@5 5-8.

WHEAT—Red and White $1 15@1 40. Receipts are very small, but little arriving.

CORN—Mixed and White 73@75c., Yellow 76c. Arrivals have fallen off very much, the article is much wanted, the demand is good at full prices.

PEAS—B Eye $1 15@1 20. Receipts moderate.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples ℔ bu. 28 lbs $1 50; Peaches ℔ bu. 40 lbs $3@4 25 for pealed, $2@3 for unpealed. Supply limited; sales of Apples have been large; bright pealed Peaches are in demand, and unpealed halved are wanted at outside quotation.

FLAXSEED—$1 30@1 35.

BEESWAX—32c.

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $33, White hhd. $44, heading $50, bbl. $28.

Savannah Market.

FEBRUARY 18.

Sales of Cotton to-day 1,800 bales. The market was quiet but steady.

Mobile Market.

FEBRUARY 17.

Sales of Cotton to-day 6,000 bales. Middlings 10½@10⅝ cents.

New Orleans Market.

FEBRUARY 17.

Sales of Cotton to-day 12,500 bales. The market closed quiet, at irregular prices. Middlings 10¾@11 cents.

New York Market.

FEBRUARY 18.

Sales of Cotton to-day 1,500 bales. The market was firmer. A violent wind and rain storm restricted business. Flour advancing; sales of 5,500 barrels; Ohio at $5 85@6 00. Wheat firm; sales of 1,200 bushels. Corn quiet but steady; sales of 4,500 bushels. Spirits of Turpentine dull. Rosin steady, at $1 65. Rice firm but quiet.

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES has an increasing circulation throughout the South and South-west, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED—At home or to travel, on salary or commission, for the "MAMMOTH FAMILY PICTORIAL," the largest illustrated family paper in the world, at only one dollar a year. Also for "THE WOMAN'S FRIEND," a periodical of pure morality and common sense, exclusively for the female sex, at only fifty cents a year. $240 a week is now being made by some agents. For "confidential terms" to female agents, and a copy of both papers, enclose a three cent stamp to the publishers, MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., feb25-4t New York.

TO THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—KENT, PAINE & CO., importers and jobbers of fancy and staple dry goods, 163 and 165 Main street, Richmond, are now receiving, have in store, and offer to the Southern Trade upon the most favorable terms, five thousand packages of fresh, seasonable and desirable

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

both of foreign and domestic manufacture. Our importations from the various European markets have been unusually large, and we are prepared to offer to our customers the largest and most splendid stock of dry goods ever exhibited in Virginia. We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia for a full assortment of their various productions, such as

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, OSNABURGS, YARNS, KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, &c.,

which we will sell at manufacturers' prices. We are also prepared to exhibit a very large and beautiful stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

manufactured at home by Virginia workmen, under our own supervision, which we guarantee to be gotten up in as good style as any Northern work, and we pledge ourselves to sell the same at or below Northern prices.

Determined to deserve the large patronage with which we have for so many years been favored, we shall the present season take measures to satisfy the Southern merchants that a home market is equal if not superior to any at the North. Our facilities are unsurpassed by any house in the trade, here or elsewhere, and we shall, as heretofore, conduct our business upon just and liberal principles. KENT, PAINE & CO.,

feb25-4t 1033 and 1035 Main-st., Richmond.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, and the BRITISH REVIEWS.—L. SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative.)
2. THE EDINBURG REVIEW (Whig.)
3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal.)
5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE (Tory.)

These Periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As organs of the most profound writers on Science, Literature, Morality, and Religion, they stand as they ever have stood, unrivalled in the world of letters, being considered indispensable to the scholar and the professional man, while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the world, that can be possibly obtained from any other source.

EARLY COPIES.—The receipt of ADVANCE SHEETS from the British publishers, gives additional value to these Reviews, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS, PER YEAR.—For any one of the four Reviews, $3; for any two of the four Reviews, $5; for any three of the four Reviews, $7; for all four of the Reviews, $8; for Blackwood's Magazine, $3; for Blackwood and three Reviews, $9; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, $10. Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.—A discount of twenty five per cent from the above price will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30; and so on.

POSTAGE.—In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered FREE OF POSTAGE. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be but twenty-four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews.

N. B.—The price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above named is $31 per annum.

Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addressed, post-paid, to the Publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

feb18-3t No. 54 Gold-st., New York.

SEGARS—Twenty-five thousand choice Segars just received, which will be sold wholesale and retail, cheap for cash. dec17-tf S. ARCHER & CO.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter Goods, embracing everything in our line of business. Our stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

is complete, and well selected; every garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also large assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings, which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes, and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take great pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection. 38-1y EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.

$50 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well the coarsest linsey or the finest muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant tailors, mantua makers and housekeepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, merchant tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine in any of the counties of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake, which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT,

feb2-tf Greensboro, N. C.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.

feb11-tf COLE & AMIS.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A. AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash.

feb11-tf B. L. COLE.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply	15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply	17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply	60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply	72 cents per foot

tf J. R. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST,

tf Hillsboro, N. C.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLAND.

In the House of Commons on the second, Mr. Cochrane gave notice that on the 17th he would call the attention of the House to the relations with China. Lord John Russell defended the British Consul at Tangiers, against the charge of having aided the Moors. He also said that the government had not reason to suppose that warlike preparations were going forward on an extraordinary scale in France.

Prince La Tour d'Auvergne has been ordered to remain at Turin after the arrival of Baron Tallyrand and to counsel with him for mediation on the part of Sardinia. The French army is to be considerably reduced.

An address of the Hungarian Protestant Association says: "The national movement will resemble an avalanche, and Hungary will on the first opportunity detach herself from Austrin."

The London Globe's Paris correspondent says it is generally understood that France and England are about to make a joint summons upon Austria to desist from sending troops into the marches of Ancona, and to evacuate Venetia at the earliest time; and also to accept such indemnity as Italy is now ready to offer.

ITALY.

The London Post prominently announces that England and France are allied on the Italian question, and firmly determined that no intervention shall be committed. It was rumored that the two governments are determined to recognize annexation to Sardinia as the only true solution of the Central Italy question.—The Post says the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich are virtually annulled. The Western Powers have commanded that no armed intervention shall take place in Italy unless it is previously sanctioned by the unanimous approval of all the great European powers. Practically such a condition is tantamount to absolute non-intervention.

AUSTRIA.

There was increasing discontent in Hungary, and matters were daily growing more serious.

FROM MEXICO AND THE ISTHMUS.

The steamship Indianola, from Brazos Santiago, has arrived at New Orleans, with dates to the 12th instant. She brings two hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars in specie.

Intelligence from Brownsville, to the 9th, has been received, which announces that important unpublished disclosures have been made as to the complicity of Mexican authorities with Cortinas.

It is believed that all questions will have to be decided by a war.

Vera Cruz dates to the 10th instant are received. Miramon left the capitol with 5000 men, on the 8th, for Vera Cruz. The advanced guard had reached the National Bridge. Vera Cruz was in a state of siege

THE EDITOR OF HARPERS' WEEKLY.

We take the following from the gossiping New York correspondence of our able cotemporary, the Charleston *Mercury*:

You may have observed that the Lounger's Department is discontinued in Harpers' Weekly It was edited by the brilliant, but sadly abolitionised and ism-infatuated George William Curtis. The Harpers paid him, $6,000 a year besides a handsome sum for his novel. *Trumps* a weak imitation of Thackeray, published serially in the *Weekly*. The lady-like sentimentalism of Mr. Curtis' writings added nothing to the strength or popularity of the paper, and when, a few weeks ago, some Southern journal called attention to the fact, that the Abolitionist Curtis was writing for the Harpers, those old gentlemen threw him overboard at once, like another Jonah, to calm the Southern storm. Mr. Curtis used to "do" the "Easy Chair" in Harpers' *Monthly*, and discoursed very pretty twattle in it. That, too, he has been compelled to resign. The poor deluded fellow hugs his abolitionism, though it is ruining him. He had previously lost a large sum by the failure of Putnam's *Magazine*, which was killed by an infusion of "nigger" during his injudicious editorship"

The firm of Harper & Brothers has of late been suspected by some persons of abolition proclivities. In this view we did not coincide, having discovered nothing in the numerous and diversified publications of the house, at all going to show the justice of such an opinion. On the contrary, these publishers have been honorably distinguished among their Northern associates as thoroughly conservative and fair to the South—so much so, as not seldom to have drawn upon themselves abuse and denunciation from the negro-worshipping and John Brown canonizing fanatics of their section.—Upon a recent visit to New York, where we had occasion to mingle to a considerable extent with the guild of editors, etc., this fact was clearly established, to our perfect satisfaction and nothing is better known, or more unquestionable, than that there is little friendship between the Messrs. Harper and the enemies of the South. We, however, noticed lately with some surprise, a tendency in one or two editorials of the *Weekly* to give to that periodical and anti-Southern character. In any other paper, it would scarcely have been noticed; but the tone of the *Weekly* had been so uniformly fair, that the contrast, slight as the indications were, was striking. The paragraph quoted above explains the whole matter. The articles in question were from the pen of Mr. G. W. Curtis, the well-known abolition lecturer; and they had no sooner appeared in the columns over which he had editorial control, than the publishers dispensed with his services. The fact is eminently honorable, but not more than we expected from the Messrs. Harper, whom it is a great injustice, as we have declared, to confound with either the open or the insidious opponents of Southern institutions. Let justice be done. The strength and influence of the movement in public opinion South of the Potomac, to repel all assaults upon Southern right lie wholly in the injustice of the thing—and will suffer injury from *injustice*. We believe that this publishing house is as true to the South as to the North.—*Virginia Index.*

NON-INTERCOURSE MEETING.

We are unable to publish in this issue the proceedings of the meeting, held on yesterday, but will do so on Saturday. Hon. J. W. H. Underwood made a strong and stirring speech. Resolutions were passed declaring the commercial independence of the South, requesting our merchants and mechanics to patronize southern markets and direct importations, and pledging the suppert of those present, to such as will comply with this request, to the exclusion of those who purchase their goods North of Mason & Dixon's line.—*Rome (Ga..) Courier, Feb. 15th.*

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordeons, Fluitinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments for bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC, from all the publishers in the United States; Bertini's Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound, Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandize, at the lowest prices.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $200, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $100; New Melodeons, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $20 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $250, $275 and $300, fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

"The Piano came to hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—*Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.*

John Howitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*Wood & Gregory, Mount Carroll, Ill.*

"H. WATERS, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having used one of your Piano-Fortes for two years past, I have found it a very *superior instrument*."—*Monzo Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*

"TROY, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—HORACE WATERS, Esq.—*Sir:* The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is *highly satisfactory*; and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and *more* than fulfilled, all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c.—*J. L. Smith.*"

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—*James L. Clarkson, Charlestown, Va.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I feel obliged to you for your liberal discount—will do all I can for you in these parts."—*Rev. J. M. McCormick, Yorkville, S. C.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—*Robert Cooper, Warrenham, Bradford co., Pa.*

"Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—*Thomas A. Lantham, Campbellton, Ga.*

"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250, and we shall take pains to recommend it."—*Brank, Held & Co., Buffalo Democrat.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."—*New York Evangelist.*

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*

"Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journal.*

"Horace Waters' Piano-Fortes are of full, rich and even tone, and powerful."—*New York Musical Review.*

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we may urge our Southern and Western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York. *Graham's Magazine.* jan28-16t.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

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Medical.

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In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise; and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

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By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
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SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
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BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
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BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
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SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
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TEST ONE PACKAGE.
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Is The Only Sure

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And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy

Before The People
Before The People
Before The People

In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,

Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,

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In Fourteen Months.
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It is Warranted to Cure
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If Directions are Followed,
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Any Case of Dyspepsia
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Depressed Spirits.
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Loss of Appetite.
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Pain in Side and Back,
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should
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Try One Package.
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Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

LIVING TO SOME PURPOSE.

How many people live a whole life in this bustling world of ours, without doing a single good thing for anybody to remember them by!

When we see a man who has invented a useful machine, or who has contrived a scheme to relieve human suffering, or to enlarge the sphere of human happiness, or who has spoken a single wise word to be treasured up and thought of in after times we cannot but feel a respect for him. He has lived to some purpose. But for a life or a year, or even a day to be spent in eating and drinking and putting on of apparel, or to be frittered away in idle talking and jesting, or given up to the pursuit of low and selfish ends, it is a shame! The very first thing to be done, (as soon as we feel that we have the power of thought and reflection) is to propose to ourselves some purpose worth living for. Those who have the Bible know what is the most important purpose of life. It is to prepare for another world. Whatever will help us in this, we may well attempt. Whatever will hinder us in it, we shall be wise to shun.

There are some young persons who have no higher end than to be admired for personal beauty or accomplishments, but they do not consider how slight a cause may make both beauty and accomplishments entirely worthless, by destroying the health, or the grace, or the faculty on which they depend.

Some form a purpose to be great in the world and secure to themselves a large share of popular honor and applause. But those who have been most successful in such a pursuit, have turned, with loathing, from the glittering prize after it was clutched. Cardinal Wolsey was one of these, and there are men now living, and some not far from each of our readers who have found it a worthless bauble.

We hope our young friends will put on their thinking caps,—not to solve a riddle or find out a charade,—but to settle in their minds to what purpose they will devote their lives.—Each day has its purpose for children, as well as for men and women, and the prevailing purpose of each day, (if it has any,) makes up the grand purpose of life. Are you spending your time as the colt or calf, without a reflection on the past or a thought of the future? Are the noble faculties of reason and memory and conscience lying within you unemployed? Or are you awake to the true uses of time and health and striving, as well as you know how, to contribute to the well-being of your race?

KNOW YOURSELF.

"Examine yourselves," is not merely a special duty, to be performed on special occasions, but one that should receive attention, at least, daily. "Know thyself," the ancients said, was an oracle from heaven; and it is not improbable that it was indirectly derived from the records of inspired truth. Pythagoras taught his disciples to attend to this exercise every night before they retired to rest, and most strenuously urged them, thrice to examine all the transactions and all the omissions of the past day.

"Nor let soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day:
Where have my feet chose out the way?
What have I learn'd, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done, that's worth the doing?
What have I sought, that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."

"I Should be glad," says Dr. Watts,—"among a nation of Christians to find young men heartily engaged in the practice of what this heathen writer teaches."

PENTECOST.

This word is familiar to every scholar who can read the New Testament. The word is a Greek one, and means "fiftieth," because the feast of Pentecost, called also the feast of week, (it lasted seven,) commenced on the fiftieth day after the second day of the Passover. The feast was, in fact, that of the finished harvest, offerings being then made of all the fruits of earth. Loaves of the new wheat were offered as first-fruits.

It was a time chosen by Jews residing in various parts of the world to visit Jerusalem. This will account for there being so many "strangers"—that is, persons who are not inhabitants—in the city, when the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles. Notice what a large ingathering there was then of believers, the first-fruits of the seed of the kingdom of heaven sown by the Great Sower, even our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is an old saying, but a very pretty one, that a blush is like a pretty girl, for it *becomes* a woman.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Solution to question of last week.

Wherever the day's length exceeds twenty-four hours, and only there, will the sun appear to revolve in a circle above the horizon. Everywhere in the frigid zones the length of the longest day exceeds twenty-four hours, and the nearer to a pole any place is situated the longer will be its longest day. At either pole there is only one day and one night in a year, each six months in duration. In the south frigid zone the middle of the longest day comes about the twenty-first of December of the other localities. About the middle of this zone the longest day is about three months long, and must therefore commence about the sixth of November. Ans. Our traveler had been about the middle of the south frigid zone.

QUESTION—BY MARCUS.

Two Characters are mentioned in the Bible who had singular relationships. They were brothers; each had a mother who was also his sister who was also his aunt; each had a father who was also his grandfather; and they were each others uncle. Who were they?

Solution next week.

THE SEQUEL.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin horn at a camp meeting, so that when he went to call the congregation together he blew the "soft soap" over his brother clergymen, and he exclaimed:

"Brethern, I have served the Lord thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d—d if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn!"

Our readers, we say, have all heard this, but have perhaps never heard the sequel, as given to us by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall swarthy, villainous looking desperado strolled on the grounds, and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent, which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then taking a position on the anxious seat commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. No, he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "have you stolen?"

"Worse than that!—oh, worse than that!"

"Murder is it?" gasped the horrified minister.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat: I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

A COMPLIMENT.

A lady in Nashville, on mercy bent, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women, engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him, in an under tone:

"Dear me; the viciousest looking women I ever saw in my life. What are they put here for?"

"They are here," he replied, "because I am here; they are my wife and daughters, madam." But madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

A clergyman, while engaged in catechising a number of boys in a class, asked one of them for a definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they go to heaven." "Good, boy," said the clergyman, "take your seat."

Children think because they are children there is little they can do; but there is one thing harder to learn than all science, better to have than all gold, sweeter to friends than all outward loveliness, and attained by the child easier than by man. It is patience, the secret of all true happiness, the securer of lasting affection, and the strongest lever of success.

We can well pity the 'pheelings' of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a western hotel to sleep with a backwoodsman, who gave him this welcome: 'Wall, stranger I've no objection to your sleeping with me—none in the least, but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see, I'm an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping Injuns. At the place I stopped night before last they charged me five dollars extra cause I happened to whittle up the headboard with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed if you like, I feel kinder peacable to-night.

Everybody remembers the famous epitaph, which closed with these words: 'She painted beautifully in water colors.' But some of the Boston reporters have hit upon almost as touching a mode of allusion to departed worth. At least two of them have announced the death of a gentleman in Brooklyn, and added, 'he was the owner of the celebrated horse, Hiram Drew.' We shall expect to see before long such a notice as this: 'Mr. John Smith, the owner of the celebrated Shanghi rooster Tin. Yang, departed this life yesterday, leaving behind him a large circle of mourning friends.'—There is nothing so consoling as to be reminded of our departed friends' titles to fame.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

On the Culture of Cotton.

BY GOV. HAMMOND, OF S. C.

So many of our subscribers are directly interested in the Cotton culture that we feel called on by several suggestions to that effect to furnish them matter bearing immediately on that important crop. We reproduce, therefore here, the report made years back by Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina, to the Barnwell Agricultural Society, *on the culture of Cotton*

"*The ground cannot be too well prepared for Cotton.*—If it had rested one year, it should be broken flush, as early in the previous fall as possible, and spaded just before planting. If it has rested two years, or been planted the preceding year, let it be listed as early as it can be done, and two furrows thrown upon the list. Immediately upon planting let two more furrows be thrown up, and balk broken out completely. The common method of running three furrows, and planting on it, throws the winter's portion of the crop-work upon the labourer, during crop time, and is inexcusable, unless heavy clearings are absolutely required. The reason for not listing after one year's rest is, that the vegetable matter will be too abundant and too coarse to form a substratum to receive the tap root.

Cotton should be planted early. It may increase the difficulty of getting a stand, and give the plant, for a long time, a puny appearance, but every stalk of cotton planted in March, or first week in April, that survives, may be readily distinguished, in any field that has been replanted later. It bears more, and earlier, and stands all the vicissitudes of June, July and August better. There are several methods of planting. Your committee recommends planting in spots, regularly measured by the dibble. It is somewhat tedious though less so than is generally supposed, and certainly does not take as much time as both to drill and chop out; nor is time so valuable at that period, as when the latter operation is required, while a better and more regular stand may be secured. There is no land or but little, in our district, in which cotton rows should be over three feet apart, or the cotton further than fourteen inches in the drill, one plant in a place. To make a large crop, there must be an abundant supply of stalks. When the weather is too wet to plant time may be often saved by dropping the seed, but not covering until the ground is dryer. If, however, it cannot be covered in three or four days, it is time lost, for it must be replanted. Always cover lightly, under any circumstances. And always plant on something of a bed in any land. It keeps cotton dryer and affords more air when it is young. It enables you to get at it in working By increasing the surface, it absorbs more moisture, if it is too dry; and gives out more if it is too wet, and in both cases, gives you the advantage of a vertical sun on the tap root which hastens the maturity of the bolls—a vast desideratum in our climate. On this account, the bed can hardly be drawn too high at the last hoeing, in any season.

In cultivating Cotton, Whether with the plough or, hoe, the chief object is to keep down the grass, which is its greatest antagonist bringing alt or almost all other evils in its train. It is not so essential, in the opinion of your committee, to keep the ground stirred, as is generally supposed, and by no means requisite to stir it deep; at all events, not to our light soil. If it be well prepared, deep ploughing is not only unnecessary for any of our crops but often highly injurious to them, while it rapidly exhausts the land, by turning it up fresh under a burning sun. Much unnecessary pains is usually taken and time lost, to work the plant in a particular way, under the supposition that it is a peculiarly delicate one. If it survives in infancy, few plants are hardier. It is often found to reach maturity in the alleys where the mules walk with the ploughs following, and the labourer tramps backward and forward. Sometimes it will bear fruit in turnrows used frequently for wagons, while it really seems to derive benefit from being bitten down almost to the ground by the animals; it will bear almost any usage better than it will that mortal enemy—grass.

The most critical operation in working cotton, *is thinning*. It should be done with great care, and if early, with the hand. In a dry year, it cannot be done too early after the plant is up. In a wet one, it may be profitably delayed, until it has begun to form, or later even. On the experience, observation and judgment of the planter, in this matter, everything depends as each year brings its own rules with it. Where circumstances are favourable early thinning is of course the best. Some planters always tap their cotton. Others never do.—Your committee are of opinion, that it seldom or never does harm to do so. But whether it is worth the trouble, is a doubtful question. Those who have no clearing, or other important employ for their hands, would lose nothing by devoting three or four days to this operation early in August. Those pressed for time might gain by omitting it.

Too much pains cannot be taken in preparing Cotton for market, for they are well remunerated by the additional price. The first thing to be attended to, is to have it gathered free of trash. With a little care, wonders can be effected in this way; and hands with a short training, will pick almost, if not quite, as much without trash as with it. It should never be gathered when wet. And here it may not be out of place to remark, that one of the very best sanitary rules of a plantation is, never to send out your hands to pick until the dew has nearly or quite disappeared. It saves time in the long run, as well as health and life. Cotton should never be ginned, until the seeds are so dry as to crack between the teeth. If damp, it is preferable to dry it in the shade, as the sun extracts the oil, and injures the staple. If, by accident, however, it gets wet, there is no alternative but to put it on the scaffold. It is of great importance to sort the cotton carefully into several qualities, in ginning and packing, for by mixing all qualities together, the average of the price is certainly lowered. A few old hands, or very young ones, breeding women, sucklers, and invalids will earn excellent wages in a ginhouse, at this occupation. Neat packing is of no small importance in the sale of cotton, and no little taste may be displayed in making the packages. The advantage of square bags is universally known, and the committee are astonished that any other should ever be made now.

Periodicals.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
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A New Volume begins with the new year, in a new dress, with many improvements. To commence with the first number, we have the pleasure to announce three most beautiful, thrilling and interesting

Prize Stories!

each pervaded by a deep morality teaching interesting and instructive lessons to every member of the Family Circle:

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2. THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison.
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THE TIMES is also contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen; and the most prominent and noted places of the country. Besides these sketches, the Historical Department for the coming year will contain a series of Sketches, with illustrations, giving a description of the country, and the civil and social condition of China—that immense empire which has just been opened to commerce and the Christian religion. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make THE TIMES the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. In it will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Work-shop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, (edited by Wm. R. Hunter, the "Children's Friend;") and a column of Wit, that will make one "laugh and grow fat." Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

TERMS: Single subscription $2 a year; six copies for $10; ten copies for $15. No paper sent unless paid for in advance. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
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It is designed to meet a commonly felt want, and to give utterance and circulation to the opinions, doctrines and arguments of the educated mind of the South especially, and to promote, in its sphere, the progress of a sound American Literature, free from party shackles or individual prejudices.

The Work will be supplied at $3 per annum, payable in advance, or 25 cents by numbers. Specimen copies will be sent free of postage to applicants who cannot conveniently reach any agency, on forwarding to "Russell's Magazine" eight postage stamps. jan7-tf

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $3 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf Cor. Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at
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THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

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dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.

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TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra,) $50; tuition $20, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $30, other styles in proportion; music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

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J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, opposite the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

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